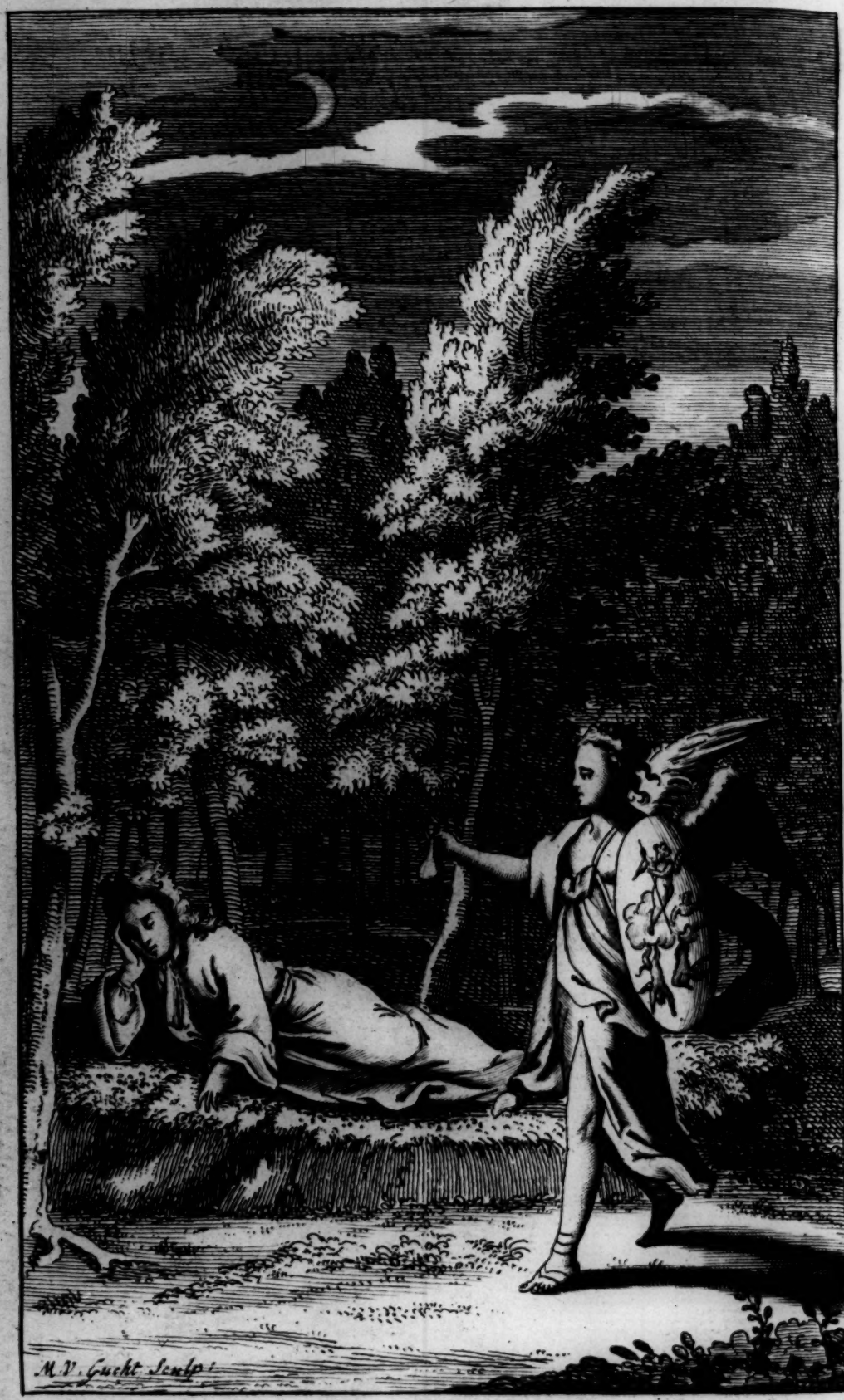
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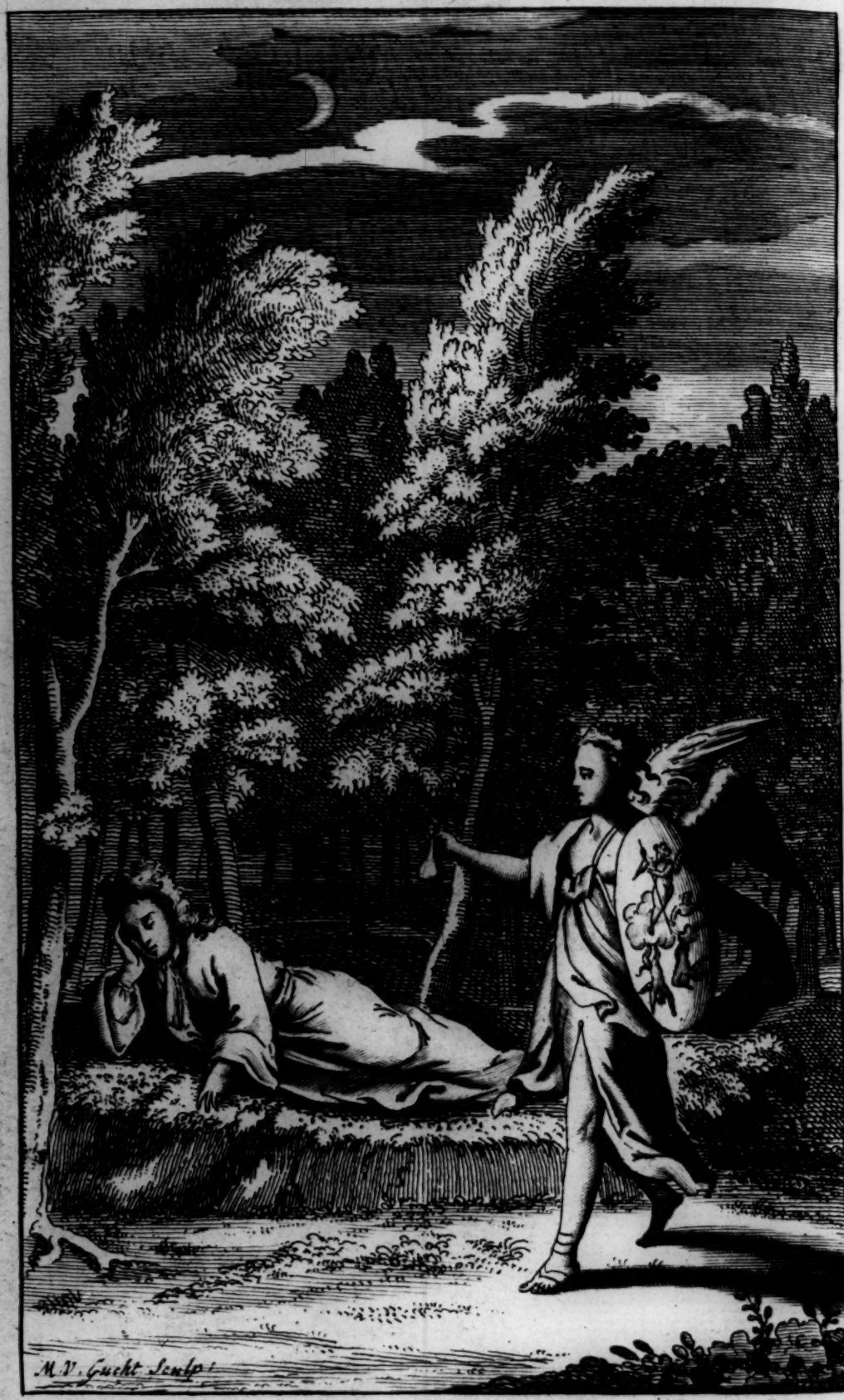
M.V. Gucht Sculp.

Witt: Boothly 1793

THE VISION, OR A PROSPECT OF Death, Heav'n and Hell.

With a Deſcription of the

RESURRECTION AND THE DAY of JUDGMENT.

A Sacred POEM.

By *M. SMITH*, Gent.

London; Printed for *Andrew Bell*, at the *Croſs-Keys* and *Bible* in *Cornhill*, near *Stocks-Market*; 1702.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

The Right Honourable the LADY

OLIMPIA ROBERTS.

MADAM,

THe end of Dedications being either to implore a Patronage, or to tranſmit to Poſterity the Character of an Eminent Perſon. Upon both which Accounts there is none (to whom I have had the Honour of being known) I could more zealouſly devote my Reſpects and Service to than to your Ladyſhip. The Nobility of your Birth, with that high Honour and Eſteem you have ac-

quir'd from all known to you, and the great Skill you are Miſtreſs of in the Art of Poetry, is ſo ſufficient a Protection, that one word of yours in my Favour, would ſecure me from any Concernment for the worſt Malice of the Criticks. But then the Beautys of your Character are ſo large a Field that I could with Pleaſure loſe my ſelf in it: Your moſt Ingenuous Converſation, moſt agreeable Diſpoſition, moſt ſweet and engaging Temper, and to crown the reſt, the moſt Religious Conduct of your Life, Initiated thereinto by the Right Honourable the Counteſs of *Radnor*, your Noble Mother, that great Ornament for her Piety to our Engliſh Nobility. But ſo conſpicuous to

the World are all your high Qualifications that my attempting a Panegyrick on them, would rather call in queſtion their being ſufficiently known already than render them more obvious. Therefore I ſhall acquieſce in only addreſſing your Goodneſs to pardon my ſhadowing under your Noble Name this ſlight Poem of

Madam

Your Ladyſhips

Moſt Dutyful Servant,

M. Smith.

TO THE READER.

IF thou art a Critick, I expect thy Malice, for a Modern Critick can no more shew his Wit without his Malice, than he can his good Nature by his Approbation of what may merit it. But to Anticipate thy Assaults, I freely own an hundred Faults in the Poem, which may be (perhaps) ten more than you will discover: If it be ask'd, why I will appear under these Disadvantages if I am conscious of them? I answer, The Subjects are of the highest Concernment, and there be many vain Persons will be brought to read a serious Discourse, when allur'd thereto by the Charms of Poetry, which would wholly avoid it in Prose. And Religion hath such powerful Reasons in its behalf, that many more might be convinc'd by them, could they be any way brought to the knowledg of them. Now these

Subjects (ſo annexed) having not yet been treated on in Poetry, I did not know but my faint Attempts, might excite ſome abler Pens to compoſe a more perfect Work thereon. Alſo (I hope I may ſay it without Vanity) the greateſt part of Readers are as indifferent Criticks as I am an Author, and ſuch my Dificiency herein will not prejudice againſt it, ſo that they may receive ſome benefit, if not from the Inducements of Vertue, from the Terrour of the certain Rewards of the Wicked; and the Souls of ſuch are as precious in the ſight of God, as thoſe of our inceſt Criticks. Yet I ſhall not ſo far humble my ſelf to my Cenſurers as to be wholly aſham'd of it on account of their Captiouſneſs, for then I ſhould reflect on the Opinion of ſome (perhaps of as great Judgment as themſelves) who are pleas'd to think the Faults worthy Pardon. But one great Shot I expect level'd at me, viz. *the Character of a Plagiary, for taking ſome Hints from* Milton, *you will find them but few, which I freely own, and ſince* Dryden *hath done the ſame, and* Oldham *from* Ben Johnſon, *I am not aſham'd of it, nor is it eſteem'd a Fault when acknowledged.*

In

To the Reader.

In the Description of Heaven, the Reader must not expect to find Words capable of expressing the Joys thereof, all conceive an Idea of them that is ineffable, I have rais'd the Images with the best Words I could, others may find better. Did I take the Liberty of a Heathen Poet I could have added Beautys might have rendered them more Delectable to sensual Persons, but I thought not fit to write in such manner of Heaven as to forfeit thereby all my Hopes of the Fruition thereof.

In the Description of Hell, I omitted the River Lethe; *for tho* Milton *hath wonderful fine Thoughts in his account thereof, yet it hath been such a constant Fiction of all the Heathen Poets that methinks 'tis better left out, for to be too fictitious in such solemn Matters, may Countenance Atheists and Libertines in their exposing the whole for a Fiction.*

As for such Persons, who relish no Theame in Poetry but a Hero, *a* Phillis, *a* Catch *on a* Bottle, &c. *I think their Fancy but very indifferent since those Subjects are so empty in themselves and so much drein'd, that we meet with nothing but Firesome Repetition, and the best impression they leave on the Mind is only Remorse for time so idly spent, which*

To the Reader.

I think carrys but little Charms with it, to provoke our Perſuit after the Cauſes thereof. Let any reflect on twenty Years back, in what an inſtant it is fled, and by them meaſure as many to come, which will yet appear to fly more ſwift the nearer we approach to the Goal of Life, and they muſt be convinc'd, what Folly 'tis, to ſpend thoſe tranſient Moments in empty Shadows of Felicity, which would ſuffice to fix a ſollid Foundation for Eternal Bliſs : For the promoting theſe Speculations, having Calculated this Poem, I hope (with Candid Readers) the Sincerity of my Intentions will attone for the Faults in the Performance of it.

Vale.

ON THE

VISION, &c.

A

DIALOGUE.

Coridon, Menalcas

Cor. WHat means, my Dear *Menalcas*, this Retreat
In ſilent Groves, with unauſpicious Looks,
And folded Arms? and why thoſe heavy Sighs,
From your oppreſſed Lungs? why ſtill thus ſad,
Regardleſs of your Self and of your Sheep,
Which wander unobſerv'd, the hourly Prey
Of each voracious Wolf? Whilſt other Swains,
With Locks erected, taſt the Sweets of Life,
And their ſoft Hours in Mirth and Pleaſure ſlide.

Men.

Men. Alas! My Friend, in their insipid Mirth
I can no Pleasures taste; Life seems to me
A Dull Fatigue, with Repetition cloy'd,

Cor: But whilst we meditate upon the Ills,
And shun the Joys of Life, which would expel
Or else Correct their rude Malignitys;
We Authors are of our own Misery.

Men. Life hath no Joys, are worthy our account,
Short Flashes, fled before we relish them,
Whilst Greifs are permanent and strike like Fate
Most sure; and croud our Scenes successively:
With Crys we're Born; a few days on the Earth,
We crawl in Pain, and then with Groans we Die.

Cor. 'Tis true, as our Fam'd Bard hath sung, at best,
Life's but a dull, ill-acted Comedy:
But I'ave a Cordial for my Friend, unknown
To most of those, who Crown *Pernassus* Hill:
A certain and a Sov'raign Antidote,
Against the most pernicious Ills of Life.

Men. Say it, and my *Apollo* henceforth be!

Cor. Didst never hear the Charming *Damon* sing,
At whose soft Numbers, list'ning Salvages
Forgot their Cruelty, and fell in Love?

Men.

Men. Yes, and a while, they have amus'd my Greifs,
But ſhort, alas! of giving ſolid Joy.
Cor. But *Damon* now to other Strains hath tun'd
His Lyre: ſince tranſitory, fleet and vain,
And unſubſtantial, he hath found thoſe Joys,
Which *Bacchus* and the God of Love inſpire:
And that this World no ſolid Bliſs can give;
In ſearch thereof, in other Worlds he'hath been:
In thoſe *Elizium* Plains and Fields of Light,
Where Rivers of immortal Pleaſures flow:
Of which our Bards, but with imperfect Strains,
(Imperfect much to his) have often ſung:
Whilſt he ſings like a Soul Beatify'd,
Abſtracted from all Humane Droſs below.
And whilſt with Potent Charms he does allure
To thoſe immenſe Delights, he paints the way
That leads thereto; which Path if we but tread
We ſhall anticipate the future Bliſs,
(Whilſt here) which dwells upon that *Halcion* Shore
Where Greifs and Cares, will nere afflict us more.

Men

Men. You'ave touch'd upon the moſt Harmonious Key
Of my attentive Soul: Oh, let us fly,
To taſt the Streams, which from this Fountain flow:
Cor. Which we to *Damon*, Happy *Damon*, owe.

G. TALBOT.

To the moſt Ingenious Author.

WHilſt other Sheepherds give a Looſe to Vice,
And Mankind with Lacivious Strains entice
To Morrals diſſolate, our happy'r Swain,
The Mind with Vertuous Precepts does reſtrain
From thoſe Enormitys; and Shows the way
That leads to Bliſs in Everlaſting Day:
Damon contemplates the Immortal Soul;
Damon ſhall ſing, when other Sheepherds houl.

J. HOWARD.

On

On the Author's Vision, *&c.*

NO more my Muſe of things below,
Things Empty, Tranſitory, Vain,
Of which when all we can we know,
We nere the Wiſer do remain:
No more of that deluding Theam,
Which Swallows up our lazy Hours,
And Tyranizes ore our yeilding Pow'rs,
Gay Beautys thin, Phantaſtick Dream:
That Momentary Bliſs,
Which this Day Freſh and Blooming is,
The next day withers and decays;
Nor real whilſt it ſtays;
It's Novelty 'tis only takes our Eyes:
Perus'd it ſinks, and with Cohabitation dyes.
See where our Laureat takes his Flight
And with theſe Stars, leaves us the Night
Whilſt he Enjoys the wide Expanſum of pure Light.

Up

Up, up my Muſe, his Track perſue,
Before he's out of view,
And bid for ever to this World adieu!
But ah, my Muſe before we further go,
There is a Duty muſt be paid below:
Death will his Tribute have,
Which to diſcharge, we muſt
Diſſolved be to Duſt,
And fill (alas) a Grave:
Yet never fear,
He hath evinc'd there are no Terrours there
To thoſe in Vertue perſevere,
For Death to them doth full of Charms appear
In ſuch Sweet Strains he hath expreſt,
That Soft and Downey Reſt,
It ſeems but the Repoſe of one ſhort Night
Meant to refreſh us for our following Flight.

That

That all into that peaceful Port may ſail,
Where Vertuous Incltements fail;
He trys by Threat'nings to prevail:
When the flagitious World he ſhows,
Their dreadful, Conſequential Woes
Their Terrors in the ſhade of Death
And ſtartling Horrours, follow their departing Breath,
Enough to obv'ate their pernicious Courſe,
And change it to Repentance and Remorſe.
What hard'ned Atheiſt, what vile Epicure,
What curſt Apoſtate can endure
The Aſtoniſhing Relation of his Hell,
And Torments of the Damn'd which therein dwell,
And not ſhake through their very Souls with fear,
Of what inevitably there,
They'll feel, and have renewed ſtrength to bear.

When with unbounded Flight he ſoars
To the bright Regions of Eternal Day,
What rapid Fancy does he their diſplay
To paint the Beautys of thoſe Bliſsful Shores,
And ſhining Luſters of each Scene?
With ſuch clear Notions he does ſeem inſpir'd
And with ſuch ſacred Raptures fir'd,
As if a long Inhabitant of Heav'n he'd been.
When the bright Manſions of the Bleſt he Sings,
How humble ſhow the Cottages of Kings?
How mean their Tincel State?
And all the little Emmets on
Their fancy'd Grandeur wait?

But when with a more during Flight
He ſings of their Immenſe Delight;
Leaving thoſe grov'ling Thoughts below,
Which to Humanity we owe;

My Soul is all on Fire,
At thoſe conſummate Pleaſures to aſpire:
To be plung'd in that Sea
Of flowing Bliſs and Extacy,
And there diſſolving lie to all Eternity.

Hold, hold my Muſe the ſlackned Reins,
Thy *Pegaſus* too Headſtrong flys,
Thou muſt not Emulate his Strains
Nor aim to trace his ſwift Career
Which like *Jove's* mounting Eagle does appear,
With ſtrenuons Pinions cutting through the Skies:
Leaſt thy Cataſtrophe
Like that of *Icarus* ſhould be,
Who when he'd ſoar'd ſo far,
He thought to'ave nam'd himſelf a Star,
Fell Headlong down from thence and only nam'd a Sea.

THO. NORTON.

ERRATA.

PAge 17. line 13. for *which*, read *with*. P. 21. l. 5. for *Alter* r. *Altar*. P. 26. l. 4. for *Lights*, r. *Sights*. P. 45. l. 16. for *there*, r. *their*. P. 47. l. 6. for *in*, r. *on*. P. 49. l. 4. for *pave*, r. *leve*. P. 64. l. 19. for *abus'd*, r. *abash'd*. P. 86. l. 18. for *Coduct*, r. *Conduct*. P. 141. l. 13. for *this*, r. *their*. P. 151. l. 5. for *there*, r. *their*. P. 157. l. 13. for *Member*, r. *Numbers*. P. 159. l. 15. for *Employ*, r. *Empty*. In the 8th Line of the first Poem to the Author, for *Locks*, r. *Looks*. In the 3d Line of the second Poem to the Author, for *dissolate*, r. *dissolute*. In the 2d Page to the Reader, l. 11. for *incest*, r. *nicest*. In the 3d Page *ditto*, for *firesome*, r. *tiresome*.

TO

My Dear SISTER

Mrs. *HARVY.*

My Dear Sister,

AS Ingratitude appears the moſt Barbarous of Crimes to ingenuous Perſons; ſo to ſuch, an Incapacity of appearing Grateful, muſt be the greateſt of Afflictions; as this is my preſent Circumſtance, ſo I doubt not but to ſee that Turn in my Affairs, that I may evince the other is my Temper. In the mean time I gladly imbrace this Opportunity to ſhow (at leaſt as the World goes now) my Inclination to be grateful; for

for 'tis notorious that moſt conceal their Benefits, that if occaſion be, they may deny or invalidate them. To put ſuch a Crime out of my Power I hereby frankly own, that you have not only ſhown your ſelf the beſt of Siſters, but the beſt of Friends. I have had great part of ſix Years Dependance on you, nay you have anticipated my Occaſions by preſenting me, when I have not ask'd or expected it, and that not only with a great deal of good Nature, but with a kind of Reſpect, not due to me in my better Fortunes, which gives the Air of a Gentlewoman to the Acts of a Chriſtian, and out of my Misfortunes rais'd this good Fortune, in knowing I have a better Siſter, than could

could otherwiſe have been obvious to me. Yet this is but Cogenuine with the reſt of your Life, being ſo remarkable for your Piety, ſo conſtant to all the Exerciſes of Religion, your Mind always eaſy and ſedate, your Diſpoſition moſt engaging, and belov'd of all that know you. And as your Affections have been wholly reſign'd to Heaven, ſo hath Providence been indulgent in Returns, in bleſſing you with a fair Eſtate, in moſt promiſing Comforts in your Children, in the Marriage of your Eldeſt Daughter, to that Worthy Gentleman Mr. *Edwards*, whoſe Piety and Integrity redeems the Practice of the Law from that Obloquy uſually caſt upon it. So that in the whole,

whole, you are as perfectly happy as any can be in this Life; having all the good Things of this World, and the best Assurance of those in the next. To conclude, There is nothing I more desire this *Poem* may live for, than to transmit your Character to your Posterity, delineated (tho far short of your Merit) by

My Dear Sister,

Your most Oblig'd

and Affectionate

Brother and Servant,

M. SMITH

TO

The moſt Accompliſh'd young Lady

Mrs. *WALPOLE.*

MADAM,

JUdging it moſt advantagious for the favourable Reception of a Poem of this Nature, to publiſh it under the Names of ſuch Ladys who had either been ſometime Proficients in Religion, or whoſe Religious Education had laid Grounds of becoming ſuch, I could not think of a Perſon whoſe Rudiments gave better Promiſes thereof, than your ſelf; having been brought up in the Family,

Family, of that Honourable and Eminently Pious Baronetteſs the Lady *Phillips*. And whoſe Conduct hath produc'd ſuch happy Effects, in her Son Sir *John Phillips*, a Gentleman ſo exemplary for his Religion, and in two moſt Vertuous Daughters. Nor was it a ſmall Inſtance of my Lady's Prudence in matching your Ladyſhip with a Gentleman of ſuch high Repute, both for his Parts and Principles, and whoſe Progenitors have been ſo eminently known through all *Norfolk* for true Patriots of their Country. *Madam*, I am not ignorant but many of our young *Ladys* think they expreſs a wondrous Wit in Ridiculing a ſerious Subject, but I doub

no

not but a *Lady* of your incomparable Parts, will judge how wide that is of true Wit, or at leaſt of ſolid Sence, which at beſt brings only Repentence in the End. The Conſideration whereof, together with your moſt engaging Temper, makes me hope your favourable Conſtruction of this Addreſs of

Madam,

Your Ladyſhips

Moſt Humble Servant,

M. Smith.

Madam,

Your Ladyships

Moſt Humble Servant,

M. Smith.

TO

The most Compleat young Lady

Mrs. *St. John.*

MADAM,

ALtho' you are always mention'd under the Character of a most accomplish'd young Lady, of a Discretion far beyond your Years, and of a most sweet Disposition: Happily Educated under the Conduct of the Right Honourable the Lady *Frances Winchcomb*, from whom you are descended. A *Lady* who for her great Sense, her generous Soul, her vertuous Frame of Spirit, and most engaging

engaging Temper, is an Honour to her Quality, and a Glory to her Sex. Nor is it a ſmall Teſtimony of your great Qualifications, that the Ancient, Vertuous and Honourable Family of Sir *Walter St. John*, have ſought and conſummated a Marriage between your *Ladyſhip* and a ſucceſſive Heir of that Worthy Family. Yet notwithſtanding your own innate Goodneſs and what you have acquired by ſo Noble an Education, I ſhould not have preſum'd to addreſs you on this Poem, did not that particular Friendſhip your Honourable Family have been pleaſed to favour that of my Wife's with, induce me to hope your leave for appearing in Publick under

the

the Auſpices of your Name, and that you would favourably interpret my Zeal for approving my ſelf;

Madam,

Your *Ladyſhips*

Moſt Obedient Servant,

M. SMITH.

The Dedication.

the Auſpices of Your Name, and
that You would favourably interpret
my Zeal for approving my ſelf;

Madam,

Your Ladyſhips

Moſt Obedient Servant,

M. SMITH.

To the Honourable

Mrs. *JANDRAU*,

Daughter to the Right Honourable

The Late Lord *FIZHARDING*.

MADAM,

AS it is rare to meet with a Lady of your Honourable Birth, and with all the Advantages of Mind and Body: Who hath been Educated within the Verge of a splendid Court, and yet not allur'd by its Vanitys, to the Prejudice of her Vertue or Religion. So where such

a Perſon is found, ſhe ought to be particularly remark'd for a Noble Preſident to our People of Quality. That your Ladyſhip is ſuch, is notorious not only from that immaculate Vertue which hath ſhin'd through all the Paſſages of your Life, but alſo in that prime Ingredient in the Character of a Chriſtian, your Eminent Charity, which you ſo frequently exerciſe, as if your chief Good conſiſted in ſeeking the Good of others. Nor was your Choice in Marriage a ſmall Inſtance of your Piety; for tho' the moſt accompliſh'd of the Nation, muſt have become Victims to the Charms of ſo much Wit and Beauty, yet you had Principles alſo which required Satisfacti-

on, and that hath been given by that full Gentleman Mr. *Jandrau* in a moſt peculiar manner, he having ſacrifiz'd great part of a large Eſtate to his Zeal for Religion. The Conſideration of all which Goodneſs, gives me Hopes of your Pardon, for adorning my Poem, by affixing your Noble Name to it; and as your Favours have already reach'd me, ſo they cannot be extended to any, who will more gratefully acknowledg them, then

Madam,

Your Ladyſhips

Moſt Devoted Servant,

M. Smith.

Madam,

Your Ladyships

Most Devoted Servant,

M. Smith.

THE VISION, &c.

The FIRST PART.

The ARGUMENT.

The Author's Entrance upon the Vision. His Guardian-Angel appears to him. The Angels Character and Habiliments. His Office here below. He inlarges the Author's Soul from his Body. The Capacity of the Soul in the state of seperation. They together mount Aloft, where they discover the whole World to divide it self into two general Paths, the Broad and the Narrow. They first pass the Broad. A Description of the Broad Way, and of the Passengers. Their mirthful Scene changes into a Melancholy one, when within Prospect of the Palace of Death. A Description of the Palace. Leaving the Palace, they tend their Flight Northward, At length pass a vast Vacuum, *then through Chaos. A Description of Chaos. At last they come within Prospect of Hell Gate.*

IN the cool Ev'ning of a Summers-Day,
When through the Boughs the gentle Breezes play,
To comfort and refresh the lab'ring Swains,
After their honest and Industrious Pains:

I took a private Path which by degrees,
Brought me amidſt a Grove of ſhady Trees;
Whoſe Tops with ſprightly, winged Quires were crown'd,
Which with their Veſpers, made the Grove reſound;
No Vultures fear'd, or other Birds of Prey;
Nor Man more rude and treacherous than they,
With Traps and Snares; but thro' their warbling Throats
Securely thril'd their ſoft, Harmonious Notes:
A Brook between Enamel'd Banks below,
With ſolemn, murm'ring Noiſe did ſmoothly flow.
The ſollitude with Pleaſure did invite
My Meditations, till they drew on Night:
But then the Silver Creſcent of the Sky,
With borrow'd Beams, yet beauteous, did ſupply
The Abſcence of the Sun, which through the Boughs
Darting her glitt'ring Rayes, more charming ſhows.
The Choriſters were now retir'd to Reſt,
Except ſad *Philomel*, who with her Breaſt
Againſt a Thorn, continu'd her ſoft Lay,
More raviſhing than thoſe who ſing by Day.
The aweful Silence more intent had wrought
My Mind, and deeper Cogitations brought:

Not ſuch as thoſe Infat'uated with Love,
(Who in a falſe Imagin'd Sphere do move)
Make their abſurd altho' their common Theam,
Whilſt they of Joys impoſſible do Dream :
And often meet, to crown their Anxious Strife,
What only bitters all the Joys of Life,
In a miſtaken Mate : yet each Retreat,
Each Grove, each Floud in Ecchos muſt repeat
Their ſad Complaints for fear their Mis'ry comes too late.

Such Traſh I baniſh'd wide, which never can
Become the Soul (by Heav'n inſpir'd) of Man:
My Thougths did mount a loftier Degree,
On Heav'n and Hell and vaſt Eternity :
Immortal Eſſences ; Rewards, how Great
To Good and Bad ; The ſure Effects of Fate
On thoſe to either World Predeſtinate.

But as the Prieſts of Heathen Gods of Old,
When Dark and Double Oracles they told,
(For th' old Seducer but by Gueſs projects,
Comparing former Cauſes with Effects)

Swell'd and oppreſs'd beneath the Mighty Load,
Which ſtrugg'led in them, of th' Infernal God,
Till ſpent and tyr'd, they ſunk into a Trance,
In which the Oracle more gently did advance:
So theſe great Thoughts, too huge for Humane Soul,
Did all its daring Facultys controul,
Loſt in the vaſt Abiſs; till overpreſt,
Nature gave way and ſought recruiting reſt;
Againſt a Bank I lean'd my drowſey Head,
And ſunk in Slumber, whi'lſt my Fancy fed
On the ſame Objects (tho' enlarg'd now more)
Yet as unfathomable as before.

When lo! a Form appear'd unto my ſight
Majeſtick and Illuſtrious, yet more bright
In youthful Charms, than Fancy can diſcover
To a Bigoted, Idolizing Lover:
Harmonious Symetry each Limb did grace,
His Shape Angellick and Serene his Face:
A Veſt he wore beyond the *Tyrian* Dye,
Took from the richeſt Azure of the Skie:

O're which his Golden Treſſes (flowing down)
Shin'd, whilſt at Top they form'd a radiant Crown:
A Scarf upon his Shoulders was diſplay'd,
Of Orient Colours from the Rain-Bow made:
His Waſte incircled with a ſhining Zone,
And Rays of Light through all his Veſtments Shone;
His right Hand held a Vial which was fill'd
With Eſſences in Heavn's Alimbeck ſtill'd,
From Flow'rs Ambroſial, ſuch as only grow
In the bright Scenes above, unknow'n below;
In which a thouſand Propertys are found,
Be'ng efficacious for a Mental Wound,
And th' Intellect'als, to coroborate,
Thence great Adventures to facilitate,
And with new Vigour the whole Soul inſpire,
Feeding its Flights with Alimental Fire.
In his left Hand a ſpacious Orbed Sheild,
Which none beneath an Angel's Arm could weild,
On it were draw'n the Battles *Michael* fought
With *Satan*, when he in ſubjection brought
The daring Tirant, and his Num'rous Hoſt,
Who with an Arrogant, Blaſphemous Boaſt,

Dar'd the Omnipotent to Arms, to try
For Heav'ns Imperial Supremacy:
Nor deem'd a Pow'r Superiour, till he fell
From his expected Heav'n to loweſt Hell,
Since which the Angels, Guardians to Mankind,
Sheilds ſo imblazon'd wear, to put in Mind
The Feind of his Revolt: nor durſt he ſtay
When he the Mirrour Views, but flees away
With dread remembring ſtill that Fatal Day.

At firſt I trembled but recover'd ſtrength
From his mild Aſpect: when theſe Words at length
Were utter'd by a Voice all Harmony.

I am thy Guardian Angel ſent to thee,
From Heav'n, from whence I took my ſpeedy Flight
To Guard thee from the Terrours of the Night,
And Night's black Regent, who inceſſant lyes
In wait, on all Occaſions to ſurprize:
But Heav'n more Vig'lant does his Pow'r reſtrain,
Whoſe Aid thy Pray'rs will never call in vain.

Nor

Nor wonder that our Nobler Rank deſcend,
On your more low Creation to attend,
Since 'tis the ſtamp that makes the Mettal paſs,
And yours impreſt with love Superiour was
Then theirs, which fell from our bright Hirarchy,
Who found no Saviour, nor no God to Dye,
To reinſtal them in their Thrones again,
But once be'ng fallen, ever ſo remain.
Thence 'tis with Joy we viſit your Aboad,
Pleas'd to attend the Fav'rites of our God.
And for your Sakes in Combats oft engage
With your Grand Adverſary, and his Rage
As often Quell; Subverting his Deſign,
And all his Machinations countermine:
And when he's workt himſelf by wicked Arts,
Into the Uſurpation of your Hearts,
We, Conſcience, to oppoſe him then excite,
Whom if you'll hear, you'll ſoon Dethrone him quite.
When Croſſes in your Pilgrimage you meet,
Which turn to ſour and Bitter all your ſweet,
By our Impulſes may be underſtood,
How all thoſe Evils, to convert to Good,

So much in your Concerns we are involv'd,
That none can be undone, except reſolv'd.

I've read thy preſent Thoughts, to big to find
Sufficient Space in thy contracted Mind:
Thy Soul is fetter'd, forc'd to operate
Through Organs, which its pow'rs dibilitate;
But I am come, Commiſſion'd with a Charge,
From its ſtrait, Fleſhly Priſon to enlarge,
And ſhow thee other Worlds in ſuch a Dreſs,
As Heart cannot conceive nor Tongue expreſs.
To ſtrenghten and confirm thee and to ſhow
Our Promptneſs to aſſiſt Mankind below.
This ſaid; ſome Words miſterious, ſoftly were
Pronounc'd, whoſe Meaning did not reach mine Ear:
But prov'd of Force Miraculous, for ſtrait,
My Soul enfranchiz'd, did at large dilate.

As when a Wretch long under the Attaint
Of heinous Crimes, and ſuff'ring the conſtraint
Of a loath'd Dungion; loaded with huge Chains,
Enduring utmoſt Sorrows, Greifs and Pains:

At length awaken'd Mercy ſets him free
To taſt the Joyful Sweets of Liberty;
With eager haſt he raviſh'd does repair,
To live at large and Breath the Vernal Air.
Ev'n ſo my Soul enlarg'd with Joy leapt forth,
Surpriz'd at firſt to find its wondrous Worth:
Of what Capacity when unconfin'd?
How large its Facultys when 'twas all Mind,
Divorc'd from its oppreſſive Clog of Earth.
All Notions ſeem'd now to receive new Birth,
Nor in Obſcure Receſs did longer lye,
But could with Eaſe their Gordian Knots untye.
In well known Characters it did behold
Natures large Book, and readily unfold
Her Secrets all. How Matter firſt Form takes.
How She of various Angled Atoms Makes
Bodys, are Fluid, Soll'd, Condens'd or Rare
How our Mechanick Bodys motion'd are
By Life's Impulſe: How the firſt Stroak ſhe gives,
That ſets to Work the Engine; how Releives
When Tyr'd and Spent: How Sympathys accord,
Antipathys oppugn: And in a word,

How this vaſt Globe by Concord is ſuſtain'd:
And from diſſolving Diſcord, how reſtrain'd.
A wondrous Harmony in Providence,
And all the Diſpenſations flow from thence,
Was obvious now: And what before appear'd
Irregular; upon firm Baſis rear'd,
Of ſollid Principles now ſeem'd, and ſhow
A perfect Wiſdom governs all below.
Nor longer now unſolv'd Enigma's be,
Predeſtination and the Trinity;
And all the Miſterys Religion hath,
Which we receive here by implicit Faith,
Not being to Incarnate Reaſon ſhown,
But all theſe now were in an Inſtant known.
For ſo capacious is the Soul when free,
At once for Action fit and Tenſity;
So quick that with a Wiſh it takes its Flight,
And ſees dark Cauſes by its innate Light:
At the ſame time can numberleſs attend,
And all their Operations comprehend:
Snch will the Soul's Condition be and State,
When Death to Liberty ſets ope the Gate.

My

My Guardian Angel this ſhort ſpace allow'd,
To fix and ſettle the tumultuous Croud
Of Thoughts had overwhelm'd, had not my Soul
Strength equal, their exub'rance to controul:
At length compos'd, a lofty Pitch we flew,
Whence all the World at once appear'd in veiw,
He bid me mark the Courſe of Things below,
And chooſe the Path I moſt deſir'd to go.
I look'd and ſaw the whole World did diſplay
It ſelf into a Broad and Narrow way:
But as ten thouſand Rivers empty'd be,
To fill the ſpacious Channel of the Sea:
So numberleſs Avenues do ſupply
Theſe Univerſal Paths perpetually.

The Broad far more Dilectible I thought,
Therefore my Guide Angelick I beſought
To paſs that firſt, which granted, on we went,
Where ſome new Joy each Object did preſent.
A pleaſing and a Charming Scene it was;
Delicious to the Eye and Smooth to paſs.

Laughter

Laughter and Jollity inceſſant rung:
And all the way they Play'd, or Danc'd, or Sung.
Some in large Bowls would Quaff their Cares away
Luxurioufly, and turn the Night to Day:
Whilſt Others to bright Beautys made Addreſs,
Swear, Lye, Diſſemble, Flatter and Careſs.
Here Interludes; there Songs and Serenades,
Drolls, Farces, Aſſignations, Maſquerades,
Balls, Gaming, Feaſting on Delicious Fare,
For which the Elements all ranſack'd were,
Muſick each where, tun'd in delightful ſtrain,
Whilſt Eccho pleas'd, repeats it back again.
A Conqu'rour here does in Proud Triumph ride,
For Slaughter, Rapes and Plunder Deify'd.
There a proud Roman Prelate, whilſt he writes
Servant of Servants, Emperours indites,
For Non-ſubmiſſion to his Papal Throne;
And no Superiour Pow'r on Earth will own.
Sly Jeſuits, who at that vain Doctrine Smile,
With which the reſt of Mankind they beguile;
With other Zealots of the Popiſh Crew,
Who turn Religion into Farce and Shew:

Sell Heav'n for Money and abſolve from Sin,
Nay from Damnation as the Pence come in;
Their Arguments by Cruelty make Good,
And propagate their Faith with Fire and Blood.
Whilſt Pride and Luxury the Bottom is
Of all their Zeal, nor ſeek they other Bliſs:
Fat Fryars mixt in Multitudes the Throng,
And Jovially together paſt along.
Ambitious State's Men, with their gorgious Trains
Who ſell their Country and their Souls for Gains.
Lawyers, who Study Profit more than Right,
At Juſtice wink, when Bribes appear in Sight.
Adviſe to certain Ruin, and pull down
Hundreds of Familys, to build their own.
Atheiſts whoſe Notions, Nature's Light controuls,
Stupidly blind, unworthy Humane Souls.
And Epicures, whoſe Senſuality,
Degen'rate Maxims of Philoſophy,
From Brutes do ſcarce remove them one degree.
Thouſands of hardned Jews the Concourſe fill'd,
Uncleans'd by that moſt Precious Blood they ſpill'd.

Turk

Turks with their Creſcent-Enſigns, march'd in Throug
To larg-Ey'd Girls, addreſſing all their Songs,
Great-Monarch's Concubines the reſt out ſhin'd,
And drew th' admiring Eyes of all Mankind:
For Nature's Gifts of all the Crowd took place;
But miſerably poor in thoſe of Grace.
Numbers of Poets intermixt with all,
No Song, no Farce without them, nor no Droll:
Such as receiv'd (unmerited) from Heav'n
Large Gifts, yet never made returns agen.
And ſome (alas their Number was too great)
Who other Soils did duely Cultivate;
Whilſt unmanur'd their own, and Fallow lay,
Thus ſaving others, went themſelves aſtray.

Flow'rs, Eſſences, Perfumes ſpread ev'ry where,
Which fill'd with grateful Steams the Fluid Air.
Gold, precious Gems, Brocades, Imbroidery,
And glorious Equipage to charm the Eye,
Shone ev'ry where: nor did they pauſe or ſtay
To meditate their end, but troll'd away,
Except ſome few leſs hard'ned than the Reſt,
Which had not Conſcience utterly ſuppreſt;

But her alarming Motives did imbrace,
And timely were again reſtor'd to Grace:
Yet many ev'n of theſe did not remain,
Long thus reclaim'd; but ſoon relaps'd again.

But all did not with equal, Pleaſure run,
Some look'd as if before their End undon:
Malicious, Envious Wretches, who poſſeſt
With Rage to ſee the Fortunes of the reſt;
Tortur'd themſelves with Greif and Diſcontent,
Whilſt others Eaſe, their Quiet did prevent.
And griping Miſers who half famiſh'd, wou'd
Eat their own Fleſh to ſave th' expence of Food:
Theſe Miſerable Creatures undergo
Two Hells, in this World, and in that Below.

The Road be'ng on deſcent and Smoothly beat,
Trod ev'ry day by many thouſand Feet,
Much eaſi'r to paſs on than to retreat:
We ſoon arriv'd 'thin Proſpect of the End,
Where ev'ry ſtep did more and more deſcend;

But

But now the Scene began to change, the Skie
In big Swol'n Clouds to lour, the Suns bright Eye
By thick black Foggs Eclips'd, which did ariſe
From Earths dark Entrals: greivous Maladys
Contagious, all around us hov'ring were,
And wide diſpers'd through the Peſtif'rous Air,
All Mirth was ſilenc'd now, and in its place,
Diſpair and Horrour ſate on ev'ry Face.
Some Start, ſome Tremble, others Faint and Swoon,
Some with Deliriums ſeis'd, were tott'ring down.
Here they are parch'd with Drought and Fev'riſh Heats,
Whilſt there they ſink in cold and clammy Sweats.
Some with convulſive Fits, diſtorted were,
Others in Frantick Moods did Rave and Tare,
Teeth grating, black Swoln Tongues and fixed Eyes,
With all the ſure Prognoſticks which ſurpriſe
Departing Man, and tell his End draws near,
In all th' amaz'd and languid Crowd appear.

A great but Ru'nous Palace to our Veiw
Appear'd now, of a dark and ſullen hue,
With Ciprus compaſs'd and with baneful Yeugh;

Nigh

Night-Ravens croaking Death hover'd around,
And boading Screech-Owls with their om'nous ſound,
All unclean Creatures which appear by Night,
And take in Blood and Cruelty delight,
From their Foul Dens and lurking Holes repair
To fill with Howls and horrid Noiſe the Air.

The Palace's Slimey Walls were plaiſterd 'ore
With Fætid Earth, temper'd with Humane Gore,
Each Corner had a Piramid, whereon
Was fixt for Ornament a Skelleton,
Each brandiſhing a Bloody, Mortal Dart,
And on the point a yet-warm, reeking Heart,
The Battlement which Racks and Tortures crown'd,
Which Dread and ſtartling Horrour dealt around.
Huge Gates did in the Front themſelves diſplay,
Which always open ſtood both Night and Day;
Long Maſſey Bars in circ'lar Forms were made,
With ſharp inverted Spikes, which firmly ſtay'd
The Enter'd, and their Reſidence conſtrain,
For never any thence return again.

Large hollow Concaves were for Windows meant,
From whence a Smell of Carnage, ſtrong was ſent,
And ſteams of Humane Blood and Stench moſt loath'd
Of noiſome, putrid Sores, was ſpread abroad.
Strong Groans of parting Souls, were heard aloud,
Which Struck a ſhiv'ring through the fright'ned crowd,
With the dire Spectacles their Eyes oppos'd,
Their Scene be'ng almoſt ready to be clos'd,
Reluctant all went on, whilſt they did ſtrain
With utmoſt force retreat, but all in vain,
In vain 'twas now Repentance to begin,
For'n unſeen hand compulſive dragg'd them in.

The Gates we enter'd, where a horrid ſight
Of various kinds of ſlaughter did affright
My ſhudd'ring Soul: A Scene Terrifick 'twas,
And ev'ry Object did in Dread ſurpaſs,
The diſmalleſt Idea 'ere conceiv'd;
Nor can without the Proſpect be beleiv'd.
The Floor with Sculls was pav'd, around the Wall
Thouſands of Royal Enſigns, Trophys all

Of Deaths victorious, Arbitrary ſway,
While underneath their gaſping Monarchs lay.
Diſeaſes infinite, in Cluſters ſwarm'd
Of unknown Species, monſtrous and deform'd.
Some Scarlet Red appear'd with flaming Eyes,
Whom 'ere they touch in burning Fevers dyes.
Some ſwift as Light'ning flew, then on the Ground
In vi'lent Agitations, leap and bound;
And theſe with Frenzys deſperate poſſeſt.
Whilſt others more inclin'd to ſluggiſh Reſt,
(Provoking with each Motion putrid ſweat)
With flagging Wings the humid Air did beat.
With poys'nous Claſps ſome clung faſt to the Wall,
Some on the Floor in ſlimey Tracks did crawl,
With numbers more of various Form and Kind,
Who as their ſev'ral Natures are inclin'd,
The Body torture or diſtract the Mind:
Inexorable Executioners,
Whom no Intreaty, no Addreſs deterrs
From cruel Ravage, or obſtructs their Courſe,
Of Pity void and deaf to all remorſe.

At th' upper End a Brazen Throne was fixt,
With various canker'd Colours intermixt ;
On which were chac'd the Acts of Heros bold,
Who with innumerable Hosts of old,
Fought bloody Battles : Slaughter there appear'd,
In hideous Forms, and all the Earth besmear'd
With Deluges of Blood : Death's Triumphs these,
The Memory whereof would often please,
To think how his insatiate Maw was then,
Glutted and gorg'd with Carcases of Men.
The Canopy with Worms imbroider'd all,
Which seem'd on Bodys putrify'd to Crawl,
And Humans Bones, some green as if fresh slain,
And some returning to their dust again.
Death on the Throne sate with Imperial State,
Attended on each side by Time and Fate :
At Time he'd often dart a furious Look,
Judging his Flight too lazily he took ;
Commanding him with Frowns more swift to pass,
And sometimes in a Rage would break his Glass :

Told him his Forelock was too long and full,
His Sithe too ſhort, the Edge too blunt and dull:
But never durſt on Fate to frown or lour,
Well knowing Fate did circumſcribe his Power.

A Lofty Alter of prodigious ſize,
Was fixt before the Throne for ſacrifize,
Ten thouſand Hecatombs of Humane kind,
For his Voracious Appetite deſign'd,
Were duely offer'd, whilſt pleas'd with the ſmell,
Which made his wide, expanded Noſtrils ſwell,
He'd Smile an horrid Grin and then devour,
His Meſs be'ng thus repeated ev'ry Hour.

Tho' on their Carcaſes with luxury
He fed, ordain'd by Heaven to ſupply
His ever famiſh'd Maw, (for all this Feaſt
Nere ſatisfy'd his Hunger in the leaſt)
Yet ore their Souls his Pow'r did not extend
But with their Bodys diſſolution end:
They 'ſcap'd his gripe and through a circ'lar vent
Made in the Palace Roof, wing'd their Aſcent.

I was inform'd now, by my Heavn'ly Guide,
That Death another Palace had beſide
This Horrid Spectacle, which we ſhould find
Of diff'rent nature and of diff'rent kind ;
The Road too diff'rent, which he'd after ſhow,
But firſt we our appointed Courſe muſt go.

Then having wing'd my Soul, we upwards flew,
Till Earth's ſmall point, no longer was in view.
Our Flight was Northward, where we might behold
The Magazines of Hail, congeal'd with cold,
And fleecy Snow in big Swoln Clouds, and ſome
In Squadrons rankt did in Batalia come
With Thunder charg'd, and ſome with Light'ning fly,
And all the bright Artillery of the Skie.

Hav'ng paſt by *Charles* his Wain, at length we cleft
The Criſtaline, and on the right hand left
Heavn's pure Serene. Our Courſe we next did ſteer
With Flight precipitate, from th' utmoſt Sphere

Of this huge Globe. But now our dark'ned Flight
Began to be invellop'd round with Night,
For ever loſt, had not my Guide put on
His Rays of Light and like a Meteor Shone.
Here all was in perpetual Silence huſh'd,
No Wind from Subterranian Cauſes ruſh'd:
No murm'ring Stream was heard or purling Spring:
No Beaſts to Roar or Howl, no Birds to ſing:
No Humane Voice or Eccho's to reply,
But all in ſilence moſt profound did lie.

When through this ſpacious Void we'd made our way,
Large Piles of ſeeming Ruins did diſplay
In wild Diſorder, which appear'd to me,
The Confines of ſome Des'late Realm to be:
No ſooner enter'd, but Confuſion round
Did ſtrike the Sence, with Inartic'late Sound:
Harſh, Jarring Diſcord ev'ry where was heard,
Nor any thing in perfect Form appear'd.
The Seeds of all things there (but not unite)
Were found each claſhing with its oppoſite.

Atoms in Forms prepoſterous involv'd,
A Moment live, and then as quick diſſolv'd,
By others Hetrogenious : Sometimes bent
To form an unſubſiſting Element,
But void of Government and Order : Then
To Atoms ſoon it was diſſolv'd again.
Sometimes fram'd into Piramids of Fire,
Crackling and Roaring, would aloft aſpire ;
Then Cataracks of Water from on high,
Pour down and th' Fire in ſputt'ring Noiſes die ;
The Water ſometimes in Subjection came ;
To Ethur rarify'd, by eager Flame.
Sometimes a vio'lent Blaſt of ſubtile Air,
Burſt out to which Groſs Atoms would repair
Terrene, and foul and choak the Infant Blaſt ;
The Conquerer by Water chruſht as faſt.
Each, as it chanc'd, to Government was rear'd
To Reign a Minute, and then diſappear'd.
Tumults with Tumults ev'ry where engag'd,
Which in ten thouſand various Changes rag'd.
Through the vaſt Hollow a ſucceſſive Noiſe
Of Diſcord heard, without one Moments Pauſe.

My

My Guide inform'd me, this was *Chaos* where
The Seeds of all things (but promiſcuous) were
The *Maſs* from whence th' Almighty Pow'r firſt wrought
The World, and into perfect Order, brought,
And Harmony, Natures perpetual Round,
In which ſuch Concord ev'ry where is found.

At length theſe Territorys, wild and vaſt,
With great Incumbrances and Stops we paſt,
When lo! at diſtance to my ſtartled Eyes
Appear'd what did my trembling Soul ſurprize,
With Dread and Horrour, an huge Breach I ſaw,
Which ſeem'd into another World a Flaw,
Of vaſt Circumf'rence: Vomiting around,
Thick ſulph'rous Flames, with a tremenduous Sound:
To which the loudeſt Cracks of Thunders Roar,
Seem but faint Ecchoes from a diſtant Shore:
Vaſt Sheets of Light'ning from the South caſt forth,
And ſindging all the Air unto the North;
Threat'ning a Gen'ral Conflagration near,
To theſe like harmleſs Lambent Flames appear.

My Soul grew ſick, nor could its Vigour keep,
But 'gainſt its Nature, wiſht Eternal Sleep.
When thus my bright Conductor : Now prepare ;
And all thy Soul collect for Lights which are
Beyond Imagination's higheſt Flight,
And all Ideas, Fancy can excite.
But in the midſt of Terrours never fear,
For I, your Guardian Angel will be near.
And when your ſtagg'ring Soul ſhall faint to view
The Horrours of the Deep, things wholly new,
For their Exceſs, to Tyrants utmoſt Rage,
I've in this Vial ready to aſſwage
The terrible Alarms, an Eſſence pure,
Prepar'd the Souls Convulſive Fits to cure.
Which when he had unſeal'd a Drop I took,
And all Amazement ſtrait my Soul forſook,
My Preſtine State, not only did reſtore,
But made me much more vig'rous than before.

We then approaching to the Entrance wide,
The rapid Flames, roul'd off on either ſide,

For no Infernal Fires can bare the Stay,
Of Heav'nly Eſſences, but flee away.
The ſpacious Vent I now could plainly ſee,
A lofty, wide-extended Arch to be.
Huge Gates of nine-fold Adamant and Lin'd
With Maſſey Bars and Bolts in rows behind,
Were faſtned to the Arch. For Sentinel,
A Monſtrous Form (be'ng Poſted to repel
In caſe of dar'd Eſcapes) two Faces wore,
Alluring and Attractive that before,
But hideous that behind, and frightful, where,
Damnation was impreſs'd and wild Deſpair.
My Guardian ſaid that Monſtrous Form was Sin,
With Charms before t' inveigle Mankind in,
But when ſhe had in hold, ſecured her Prey,
That Face was ever after turn'd away:
And then ſhe did her Frightful Looks preſent,
The miſerable Wretches to torment.
Thoſe Gates were once faſt Barocado'd, when
Satan and all his Hoſt were fall'n from Heav'n,
Too faſt for his Eſcape, till (of his Brain
The Off-ſpring) Sin, did ſet them ope again:

Which.

Which ſo will ſtand until the Gen'ral Doom,
Then will an Angel with Heav'ns Signet come,
And ſeal them up, with all that therein be,
So to continue to Eternity.

The End of the Firſt Part.

THE VISION &c.

The SECOND PART.

THE

VISION &c.

The SECOND PART.

THE VISION, &c.

The SECOND PART.

The ARGUMENT.

The Entrance into Hell. The Tortures there exemplifyd. An Account of the Sufferers. A Deſcription of Satan's Palace. Characters of the Feinds and of their Imploys on Earth. Satan's Speech, His Malice. His Pow'r is reſtrain'd, on which he vents his Fury upon his Vaſſals. The Gardian Angel conducts his Charge out from the Infernal Dungeon, Refreſhes and Purifys him.

HEre ceas'd my Guardian, without further Pauſe
We enter'd both the diſmal, yawning Jaws
Of the Infernal Dungeon. But to tell
The thouſandth part, the Suff'ring Souls befel,
In the firſt individual Moment, we
Were enter'd in that flaming Monarchy,
Would make the Youthfull'ſt Blood recoil, the Hair
Like Quills of Porcupines, erected ſtare,

The

The Joints relax, the ſtouteſt Heart to quake
Affright'ned, and the very Soul to ſhake.
But no Tongue hath the Power to reherſe;
Nor can the Language of the Univerſe,
Find words t' expreſs it: All the Tortures told
Of Modern Tyrants; And of thoſe of old:
Of *Turks*, wild *Arabs*, *Perſians*: the Rack
Extending Bodys till their Sinews crack
Or that which tears with barbed Steel away
The Fleſh by peice-meal, till the Heart diſplay
It ſelf to open view. Compreſſing Sculls.
Impalings quick: And burning brazen Bulls.
Larding the Skin with lighted Candels, while
The Fleſh in ſundry parts at once they Broil;
All theſe were Paſtimes and might Mirth procure,
Comparative to what they here endure.

Millions of Yells and Screams are heard around,
Loud Burſts of Roarings joyn the dreadful Sound.
Infinite Fiends their reſtleſs Toyls perſue,
Their Tortures ev'ry Moment to renew,

But changing them to greater, ſtill from leſs,
Whilſt ev'n the Change it ſelf does give exceſs.
Plunge them ſometimes ten thouſand Fathom deep
In Lakes of liquid Fire; and then they'll heap
Them Mountain-high upon a Burning Soil,
Circled around with Flames to parch and broil:
Whirlwinds of Fire then to another ſhore
Of Froſt and Cold Eternal waft them ore:
In Mountains there of Ice to feel new Pain,
They wedg them in; then fetch them back again
To Flouds of boyling Sulphur, where they drench
Them over in the ſuffocating Stench.
After, with knotted Whips of burning Steel,
Snatcht from the Furnace, laſh them till they feel
In utterable Smart and Torture dire,
Then ſear their Wounds up with Corroding Fire.
And as Bolts of Eternal Wrath perſue
The Fiends with Tortures, ev'ry Moment new,
So in revenge their captive Souls they rack,
Still forcing them their Howls to Eccho back.

No Fainting Fitts, no Swoonings, no ſuch Eaſe
Is there allow'd to mitigate, or pleaſe
A Moment's reſpite; but freſh vigours ſtill
With Strength renew'd for greater Suff'rings fill
Their tortur'd Souls: Hope never there appears,
But ſtill the Furys Hollow in their Ears.
Thus they ſhall ſuffer ſtill and never Dye,
But drink down Vengeance to Eternity.

But what exceeds the utmoſt Pains of Sence
And all the Tortures which ariſe from thence,
Is Conſcience, that nere-dying Worm, which knaws,
Without all intermiſſion or pauſe,
Upon their Souls and ſhudd'ring Horrours brings
Which dart their Fury in their cruel Stings.
Whilſt now they recollect the Calls from Heav'n,
Repeated in their Ears each Hour in vain,
To ſettle on Repentance, and retreive
The little Time they'd yet allow'd to live.
How long the Gates of Mercy open ſtood;
With louder Crys of a great Saviours Blood:

How, tho they'd ſtifle it, yet many times,
Conſcience would check them in the midſt of Crimes,
And tell them, whilſt its Warnings they repell'd,
A God Omniſcient all their Deeds beheld;
A God, who all their ſecret Paths could trace,
And would in time revenge his ſlighted Grace.
How Heav'ns Commiſſion'd Prophets, did excite,
Intreat, exhort them, threaten and invite:
Inform them they were hourly on the Brink
Of vaſt Eternity, from whence they'd ſink
Remedyleſs, if now they'd not begin,
To purge their Souls from ev'ry darling Sin;
And ſettle their Accounts with Heav'n, before
That time relaps'd, they'd ne're recover more!
Yet Deaf as Adders to the charming Sound,
Would ſear as faſt as Conſcience felt a Wound;
Trifle that precious Time on which depend,
Eternal Joys or Sorrows without End.
With Execrations now they curſe their Birth,
And all that Leiſure miſimploy'd on Earth.

Their Conſcience now no longer brib'd will be
With Hopes of future Opportunity,
Or overwhealm'd with Eaſe and Luxury;
No more to ſtifle it will Pleaſures croud,
But from all theſe, enlarg'd, will ever roar aloud.

The Atheiſts who deny'd ev'n in deſpite
Of inward Impulſe and of Natures Light;
With idle Notions, ill deduc'd and vain,
Th' Exiſtence of a Deity: In pain,
No longer can the obvious Truth withſtand,
But feel a God, by his avenging Hand.

The Epicures who taught th' Almighty nere
Concern'd himſelf, with Providential Care
For things below, or Mankind did regard,
Are now convinc'd, (and by their juſt Reward)
Their Actions all were ſcan'd, and ways obſerv'd.

The Gluttons, rioting in vaſt Exceſs,
Who no God but the Belly would confeſs:

Whilſt all their Wealth and Time they ſacrifiz'd
To that, and Notions more ſublime deſpis'd:
Would now give Worlds a *Laz'rus* to relieve,
Might they obtain one Moments ſhort Reprieve,
Nay for one drop to cool and mitigate
Their flaming Tongues, but now it is too late.

The Leud and Beaſtial, who by curſed Arts,
Obtain'd their Conqueſts over vertuous Hearts,
Seducing Innocence: And ſuch, who'd ſhare
The Guilt with thoſe, who equal Sinners were:
Do find (whilſt now their Bloods no more rebel)
That they, who burnt on Earth, muſt fry in Hell.

The Drunkard, whilſt (of Reaſon deſtitute)
He ſtamp'd his Makers Image with the Brute,
Expoſing thus himſelf to each Aſſault
Of Sin and Satan, by his own Default;
Degrading, by intoxicating Wine,
His Humane Nature into that of Swine:
Finds nothing now, within that burning Lake,
But Liquid Fire, his unquench'd Thirſt, to ſlake.

The Haughty, ſwell'd with Vanity and Pride,
Who look't with Scorn on all the World beſide:
Whilſt through Injuſtice and Oppreſſion, they
To their Ambition rudely forc'd their way:
Deveſted of their Pomp and Splendor, here
Poor, Miſerable, Naked Ghoſts appear;
Expos'd to all the Scorns, Contempts and Rage
Of cruel Fiends, inſtead of Equipage.

The Uſurers, who ſacrifiz'd their Health,
Their Quiet and their very Souls to Wealth.
Devouring by their curſt Extortion thoſe,
Whoſe Youth and Indiſcretion did expoſe
Their Fortunes to their Gripe, and thence undone,
Drove on by Want, into Temptations run.
Theſe cruel, hard'ned Wretches, muſt atone,
For thoſe Delinquent's Sins, and for their own,
In doubled Flames: and find inſatiate Fire,
For their inſatiate Thirſt of Gold, the Hire.

The Papal Tyrants who pretend to have,
The Keys of Heav'n and Pow'r to damn or ſave:

Setting

Setting Religion's ſacred Rites to ſale,
Pretending Gold will over Heav'n prevail:
Indulging the Offences of the Great,
But thoſe contemning of an humb'ler State
They find Religion now's no Jeſt, nor Heav'n,
Will more be dally'd with by impious Men.

Aſpiring Monarchs whoſe luxurious Eyes,
The World with all its Realms could not ſuffice:
Who fill'd the Earth with Slaughter to maintain
A Title Tranſirory, Falſe and Vain;
Of all their Royaltys diſpoil'd, appear
Slaves to the Laſh of Fiends and Furys here
Their Flatterers are their Tormentors now,
Becauſe their Villanies they did allow,
And Conſcious Lies; together here retain'd,
Like Roman Jaylors, to their Priſ'ners chain'd.

Judges who ſold the Cauſes of the Poor,
Whom Bribery clandeſtine charm'd far more
Than Equity: here Sentence find, no Art,
Or Bribery hath Power to avert.

Authors unſound, Atheiſtical, Profane,
And Poets of a Leud, Lacivious Strain,
Who many have ſeduc'd with pleaſing Wiles
Of charming Numbers and inchanting Stiles:
Theſe as their Relicts new Editions know,
Their Tortures alſo are increas'd below;
And as on Earth they gain'd a Proſelite,
Their Pains are render'd here more exquiſite.

All Inclement, Uncharitable Men,
Stewards of the Munificence of Heav'n,
(Which only lends to have Returns again)
But Stewards unſincere: Who never cloath'd
The Naked, and Diſtemper'd Wretches loath'd:
The Poor (in Priſons caſt) would ſhun with Scorn,
Nor could the Crys of the Diſtreſt be born;
At Widows ſcoft, and at their Orphans ſpurn'd,
All theſe in Fires of ninefold Fury burn'd:
For ſince no Mercy in their Lives did ſhine,
No Mercy they will find, but Wrath Divine.

Convicts

Convicts of Crimes innumerable more
There were, but diff'rent Figures much they bore,
Alas! much diff'rent from their Priſtine State,
And Objects now of one anothers Hate:
Contaminated by their Sins, eſtrang'd
From Humane Form and into Furys chang'd.

They who Companions were in Sin above,
And cemented Iniquity with Love;
Abhor each other now, revile, upbraid,
Whilſt one's Damnation to the other's laid.
Thoſe who in Ties of Blood were near a-kin,
Or Matrimony but more near in Sin:
Now curſe the hated Ties, the Husbands curſe
Flies at the Wife, whilſt hers (in Malice worſe,)
Retorts at him: both curſe their Mothers Womb,
Wiſhing with Execrations, 'twere their Tomb.
Hell does in all their vir'lent Curſes ſonnd,
A Hell in all their Actions does abound,
And a whole Hell in ev'ry part of Hell is found.

The Antient Wicked World before the Flood,
Whoſe Sins (Gigantick, as their Forms) withſtood,

Juſt

Juſt *Noah*'s Admonitions and revil'd,
His Threat'ning Judgments and Inſtructions mild.
The *Sodomites* in Luſts unnatural
Involv'd, and deaf to upright *Lot*'s loud call:
And thoſe whom all the Prophets could not move,
Nor *Sinah*'s roaring Thunder from Above;
In Lakes of Fire lie plung'd, where tho they'ave been,
Some thouſand Years, their Hell ſeems to begin
Each Moment ſtill, and ſo will ever be,
By change of Torments, to Erernity.

No Rays of the Divinity appear,
(Rays always darting Comfort) ever there,
From ſuch Beams Salutif'rous far they dwell,
Whoſe juſt Privation multiplies their Hell.

Yet ſometimes does the blazing Roof divide
At certain Revolutions, whence diſcry'd,
The Glorious Beatifick Viſion is,
With Souls immerſ'd in that Extatick Bliſs,
To aggrevate their ſhudd'ring Horrours more;
Whilſt they the bitter Pangs of Loſs deplore:

Think

Think what was in their Pow'r to have poſſeſt,
Who might have ſat inthron'd amongſt the Bleſt,
But loſt an opportunity, in vain
They ever muſt expect to find again.

Hav'ng now paſt divers Courts of vaſt extent,
High vaulted with a fiery Firmament;
With flaming Sulpher delug'd all below
Unquenchable; Scenes of perpetual Woe,
And gnawing black Diſpair, amidſt loud Howls
And direful Shreeks of miſerable Souls,
With Anguiſh fill'd, which none can ere expreſs,
Ev'n of the Damn'd themſelves, to their exceſs.
Whilſt Helliſh Furies vent their flaming Ire,
In Storms and Whirlwinds of Tempeſtuous Fire.
We were arriv'd into the midſt of Hell,
Where the grand Tyrant and his Legions dwell,
Attending the Diſpatches of his Court,
Who as inſtructed there, abroad reſort.

The Palace was extended, high and wide,
And rear'd on Adamant on either ſide:

Pillars

Pillars of Fire in Form of Iſles aroſe,
Which did at Top in bended Arches cloſe:
Between each Arch, a ſpacious Caldron fixt,
With Sulphur fill'd, and Moulten Mettals mixt;
The Fiends when Proſelites on Earth they'd gain'd,
Within thoſe flaming Beds were duely Chain'd,
There to regret in Tortures all their Deeds,
Whilſt as their Malice ſo their Pain ſucceeds!
Tho' ſtrong to ſuffer yet not Vengeance proof,
But bellow'd out their Anguiſh, to the blazing Roof.

Juſt in the middle of the Palace was
An horrid Pit from whence, aloft did paſs
Black Smoak and Sulph'rous Stench, in thickned Steams,
Mixt with Terriffick Roarings; Yells and Screams
Horriſonant; at which the Feinds ſtill gaz'd
With ſtartling Terror: Be'ng at this amaz'd,
I humbly ask my Guardian, what that Vent,
That Smoak and thoſe Terriffick Roarings meant?
When thus he anſwer'd: that foul, Sulph'rous Vent
Makes to another ſpacious World, Deſcent.

The *Utter Hell*, does name that diſmal Coaſt,
Prepar'd of old for th' Devil and his Hoſt,
Their conſtant Reſidence, except ſometimes
They are admitted to theſe cooler Climes:
And ſometimes in the upper World to rove;
The Torments in that Hell are far above,
All thoſe you have ſeen here, in ſuch degree,
That theſe to thoſe, Refreſhments ſeem to be:
This but the Dungeon is ordain'd by Heav'n,
To entertain the Souls of wicked Men,
Until the gen'ral Doom: Nor does this Fire
A Strength by Habitude to bear, acquire:
But a far diff'rent Property obtain,
By rend'ring them more ſenſible of pain.
And when the dreadful Judgment-Day ſhall come,
To ſentence theſe there ever laſting Doom;
They'll feed thoſe Flames, for Satan were prepar'd;
Which then amongſt the Damn'd will all be ſhar'd,
Then ſhall this ſpacious Floor, where now they dwell,
Sink into that Abiſs and make one Hell.

This ſaid; I ſaw the Fiends, of horrid Forms,
Begin to croud the Palace-Hall in Swarms,

Then

Then ſummon'd to appear. Theſe when they rove
On curſt Adventures in the World above,
With Machinations to ſeduce Mankind;
Shapes various as their Inclinations find:
Some with a Viſage Prone, on Earth intent,
Baſe Av'rice to inſinuate are bent:
Others of Frame erect and haughty ſtride,
To vain Ambition tempt Mankind and Pride:
Some ſparkling Eyes and dimpled Cheeks procure,
With looſe Attire; and theſe to Luſt allure:
Some put on Looks auſtere and humble Dreſs,
Whereby with Superſtition they poſſeſs:
Whilſt others do aſſume the ſhape of Swine,
And then to Beaſtial Drunkenneſs incline,
To ev'ry Sin, they thus adapt their Size,
And Form, until they have ſecur'd their Prize;
But in Infernal Jails, hav'ng clapt their Rapes,
They reaſſume their proper, dreadful Shapes,
To torture them; and with Deriſion more
Accoſt them now, than with Addreſs before.
Taunting them with their heedleſs Follys when,
Such Warning they ſo oft receiv'd from Heav'n;

Yet

Yet truſted to the Friendſhip they'd pretend,
Tho 'twas alone to damn them in the end,
Whilſt ſtupidly they ſwallow'd ev'ry Bait;
But curſt their Follys when it was too late.

Againſt the Entrance of the Palace ſhone,
In Gloomy Baſes a red burning Throne:
Inſtead of Canopy the Throne to crown,
A dreadful Bolt of Vengeance, pointing down.
Large Lamps with livid Flames of deadly hue,
Around the Hall a ſullen Horrour threw;

There ſat the Tyrant with Deſpotick Look,
Such as the trembling Fiends, could hardly brook;
Yet tho' he vaunted abſolute to be,
Prince of the Air, and of thoſe Realms, yet he
Was neither abſolute nor truly free:
For a huge Chain incircled him around
Which checkt his Starts and ſet his Sallys bound,
That he could but his deſtin'd compaſs move,
Beſides the threat'ning Enſign hung above.

Around

Around him sat on divers lofty Seats,
Those next to him in Pow'r, his sev'ral States,
And Council Politick, in Subtiltys
Abstruse and Noxious; ranked in Degrees,
As they enjoy'd when in the Fields of Light,
Before they merited Eternal Night;
Thousands of lesser Fiends did next resort
To fill in Crouds below, the spacious Court.

Silence was bid, strait Silence most profound
Amus'd all Hell, not the least Breath or Sound
Of Sigh or Groan was heard, but all was still,
Attentive to their cruel Monarchs will:
Not that their Pains were less, but inward pent,
Rag'd more upon their Souls for want of Vent.

The awful Monarch from his Seat did rise,
And having roul'd about his Baleful Eyes,
He said

Great Princes, Virtues, Dominations, Pow'rs;
Once Potentates of Heav'n; no longer ours:
Such the Almighty's Thunder prov'd, unknown,
Till we attempted the Imperial Throne

Of Heav'n. Tho *great, yet Glorious was our Fall,*
Since we contended for no leſs then all.
Yet all's not loſt, we theſe Dominions have;
Large Confines, which our Fiery Surges Pave.
In Tortures exquiſite, 'tis true we Reign,
Involv'd in moſt Intollerable Pain:
But more, Ambitious Minds like mine 'twill pleaſe
To Reign in Torment, then to ſerve in Eaſe.
Another World we've almoſt conquer'd too,
The Glob'ler Earth, that Conqueſt let's perſue:
The odds w'already have, which we'll hold faſt,
And doubt not but the whole is ours at laſt,
Since we muſt never be again poſſeſt
Of thoſe Thrones which we held amongſt the Bleſt,
Nor their too potent Monarch can annoy,
His Subjects we'll endeavour to deſtroy:
Revenge is ſweet, the Pleaſure too is great
To ſlay the Favorites of thoſe we hate.
Heav'n hath unwearied Indulgence ſhown,
Workt Miracles, to make them all his own!
And when we'd ſtruck the lucky Blow at firſt,
In Paradice, to make them all accurſt,

Th' Almighty ſent his onely Son to Earth,
Degraded to an humble Humane Birth;
And ſhameful Death to ſuffer to reſtore,
And reinſtate them as they were before.
Rewards magnificent he'ath join'd to this,
In promis'd Glory and eternal Bliſs.
We give them Toys and Trifles tranſitory,
For which they ſell their promis'd Bliſs and Glory,
And hating them gain more by Subtilty
Than he by Love: Whilſt in Defyance, we
Of him and of his Crucified Son,
A thouſand Souls ſecure, where he gets one.

But you're grown idle now nor longer ply
With former Vigour, your lov'd Cruelty:
Time was when by our Inſtigation fell
A World, be'ng drown'd on Earth, to burn in Hell,
This at one ſtroak: We after did inſpire
A ſpacious City, taſting future Fire
Before their time: Theſe worthy were our Hate,
But you in Retail only deal of late:

Ye Miniſters who lazily attend
Our flaming Wrath, your Diligence amend:
Or elſe by Hell, you firſt ſhall feel my Rage
In Tortures yet unknown, here to aſſwage.

With that a gloomy Frown his Viſage bore,
And Hell look'd nine times blacker than before.

But I'll no more truſt to your puny Pow'rs,
We'll do't alone, and all the Glory ſhall be ours:
I'll to the Earth and ſwallow all, no more
Shall One the Majeſty of Heav'n adore.

With that he ſtarted forth, on Fury bent
And look'd like one huge, blazing Firmament.

When lo! above the dreadful Bolt did ſhake,
Which made him in the midſt of Fury quake.
An unſeen hand, ſnatch't at his follow'ng Chain,
Which drag'd him tho' reluctant, back again.

Inrag'd to be conſtrain'd thus to retire,
His Eyes like Meteors flam'd; thick Smoak and Fire
From's Noſtrils iſſu'd: Horrid Blaſphemys
He inward mutter'd, for ſtruck with ſurprize,
From a ſuperiour Power, he compreſt
His Execrations in his clouded Breaſt;
And gnaw'd his Chain in Anguiſh; but his Strength
Prevailing not againſt it: When at length,
Revolving 'twas in vain how 'ere he ſtrove,
Beyond his Compaſs deſtined to move:
In vain with the Almighty to contend,
Which brought him ſtill Confuſion in the End.
His ſcatter'd Spirits, in Couvulſions toſt,
Hav'ng recollected; and diſmiſt his Boaſt;
He thus proceeded, but with height'ned Rage,
For Diſappointment could not that aſſwage.

Since my united Pow'rs cannot withſtand
The Bolt that's graſp'd now by the Thund'rers Hand,
Nor all my Machinations 'ere diſcharge
From this curſt Chain, to range the Earth at large;

Nor my collected Strength my Shackles loose,
By Fate detain'd in this confounded Nooſe;
A ſervile Monarch to each Check and Nod,
Of a ſuperior and inſulting God:
(Tho' of ſufficient Forces to diſmay,
All but the Omnipotent's unrival'd Sway)
An humbler Flight my Fury's forc'd to ſteer,
To vent my ſelf upon my Vaſſels here:
Still King of Terrors, I'll my ſelf maintain,
For that's within the Compaſs of my Chain.

Then up y' Infernal Fiends ply all your Pow'rs,
And as m'ingulphing Wrath in Torrents Show'rs,
Diſperſe it 'mongſt the Damn'd! the Engines ſtrain
Of Torture to the height, and unknown pain!
Each Furnace manage, with inceſſant Toil,
And doubled Flames, until the Caldrons Boil,
Toſſing the liquid Fire above 'em, then
Plunge in the midſt, their ſtruggling Souls, and when
Diſtorted with the Pangs they loudly Roar,
Scoff, Taunt, Deride, Uphraid them with the Score

Of Sins uncancel'd, unatoned, by you
They prompted were, ſeduc'd and tempted to,
And when you've employ'd on them all your ſtore
Of Cruelty and Scorn, I'll give you more,
This ſaid, th' Aſſembly all at once did riſe
With ruſh impetuous and with like ſurpriſe
Of ſudden Storm, as when the Sea makes way
Through Banks oppoſing, that it may diſplay
It ſelf at large; oreflowing all around,
With Thund'ring Cataracks the Neighb'ring Ground.
The Fiends impregnated with Malice new,
Which from his Noxious, Fatal Breath they drew,
Like famiſh'd Tygers on their Prey they flew.

Hell having now been under long conſtraint
Impos'd of Silence; not the leaſt complaint
Daring to utter, whilſt Convulſions more
Their Souls with racking Torments inward tore,
But now full vent allow'd them to diſcharge
The hoarded Anguiſh of their Souls at large:
As when of ſulph'rous Grain a Magazine,
(If by ſmall things, we great ones may define)

Takes ſudden Fire, all in a Moments Blaſt,
Is through the Air with Claps of Thunder caſt:
So a loud Burſt of Howlings, Roarings, Cries,
In one united Noiſe in Hell did riſe;
Exaggerated by redoubled Ire
Of Fiends incens'd and by redoubled Fire——
New Images of Terrour fill'd the place,
And gaſtly Horrour ſate on ev'ry Face.

At theſe tremenduous Sights, my Soul again
Began to droop unable to retain
Its former Strength, which when my Guardian ſpy'd,
The rich Elixar he again apply'd.
Recovering, nor longer now diſmay'd
With that Terrifick Viſion, thus he ſaid.
In this ſhort time you'ave in theſe Regions been
Comparative to all, you'ave nothing ſeen.
So vaſt th' Infernal Empire, yet the reſt
By this ſhort Proſpect may in part be gueſt:
Except what's in the *Utter Hell*, unnam'd,
Of which there no Idea can be fram'd.

Now from theſe curſt Abodes we'll take our Flight,
And leave the Confines of Eternal Night:
But not the way we came, for 'tis decreed
By Fate unchangeable, none ſhall recede
Through Deaths dark Palace; but a nearer way,
I'll lead you to the chearful Beams of Day:
A Way through which the bright wing'd Hoſts do fly
On Heav'ns Beheſts, to ſee that Equity
Impartial and Severe, be exercis'd
On thoſe, to Wrath Eternal, ſacrifiz'd.

This ſaid, we darted to the flaming Roof,
Which ſtrait divided wide, not being Proof
'Gainſt Heav'nly Beings, for where they repair,
All's free and open like th' expanded Air.

But ſtill methoughts the Roarings, Shreeks and Howls,
And Yells of miſerable, tortur'd Souls,
Were ſounding in mine Ears: the Cruelties
Of thoſe tormenting Racks, ſtill fed mine Eyes
With dreadful Images, nor ſcarce could tell
If yet I was recover'd out from Hell:

Till with the bright Elixer ſprinkled ore,
(Which Propertys innumerable bore)
I was clear'd from all noxious Qualities,
That did in Steams from the black Dungeon riſe.
And Sulph'rous Stenches, which husk'd ore my Soul,
With loathſome Leproſy, and Ulcers foul:
And all my Intellectuals brought to rights,
Which loſt their Nat'ral Functions in thoſe Frights.
But Oh! How charm'd when firſt I ſaw a Ray
Of Light? How raviſh'd to re-viſit Day?
Freed from the Burning Lake and Black Abiſs,
Each Flight we took, exalting ſtill my Bliſs:
Whilſt in the follow'ng Words, my Heav'nly Guide
During our wiſh'd Return, himſelf apply'd.

The End of the Second Part.

THE VISION &c.

The THIRD PART.

THE VISION &c.

The THIRD PART.

THE VISION, &c.

The THIRD PART.

The ARGUMENT.

The Angel to justify the Condemnation of the Wicked, shews that Man was created in the State of Innocence: Made Lord of the Universe: was endow'd with Free will, and Strength sufficient to withstand Temptations, yet he ungratefully revolts. The Almighty offers Reconciliation to him, if any will satisfy his Justice in his stead: The Angels not adventuring, his Son offers himself as a Propitiatory Sacrifice and is accepted. His Incarnation. His Passion and the Consequences. The Angle and his Charge being return'd to the place from whence they first set out, they pass the narrow Way. A Description of the Way and Passengers. A Description of the second Palace of Death. From thence they soar to Heaven. A Prospect of the Walls of Heaven and the three Gates in the Front, also of the Outward Court for Purification.

NOw in the Dungeon of the Damn'd you'ave been
And what they suffer there in part have seen;
Reserved for a dreadfuller Abode,
For their Rebellion 'gainst a Gracious God: But

But Juſt are all his Ways. Mankinds firſt State
Was in Perfection unconſtrain'd by Fate,
Had Free-will given both for Good and Evil,
And Strength ſufficient to reſiſt the Devil.
For had he been compell'd, no Glory thence
To Heav'n could riſe: From forc'd Obedience,
No Merit on his own part, worth regard,
For Services conſtrain'd meet no reward.
Th' Injunction too was eaſy, but one Tree
Forbidden; and to all the reſt left Free:
A Teſt for his Obedience that, alone,
Which could have no Probation were there none.
Fair warning had on what he muſt rely,
In caſe of a Revolt: That Day he'd die.
Thus if the Proſpect of the Good he then
Enjoy'd, his Duty kept not firm to Heav'n,
Their juſt Privation might his Soul affright,
And Fear, if Vertue fail'd, ſecure his Plight.

But Man ungrateful to that God which gave
All that he was, or had, or ere could have:

Who Earth ſubjected to his Sov'raign Sway,
Commanding all its Off-ſpring to obey.
Gave him a Paradice of full Delight,
And all, to perfect Bliſs was requiſite.
Yet he contemning the Munificence
Of Heav'n, and all the Good he reap'd from thence.
Defy'd the Teſt, gave his Obedience ore,
And eat the Fruit, tho Death ſate in the Core.

Man now muſt die or Juſtice could not be
An Attribute of the Divinity:
Except ſome would the Sentence undergo,
And pay the Forfeiture to ward the Blow.
But who hath Courage, ſaid th' offended God,
Or Strength ſufficient to ſupport the Load
Of an huge ſinking World? Who'll undertake
Atonement full for fallen Man to make?
Ye Angels, Cherubs, Seraphs, which of you,
Will ſingly, or united pay the Due?
Who'll ſatisfy my Juſtice in his Place,
That Man may be again reſtor'd to Grace?

He ſpoke: But Silence ſtruck them all around;
No Hopes in their dejected Looks were found;
Not one that to the Glorious Act aſpir'd,
But at the Name of Death, ſhrunk and retir'd.

When Lo! his Glorious Son ſtept forth more bright,
Than Rays refulgent of unſully'd Light:
Beauty ineffable ſate on his Face
Effecting Raptures; each Paternal Grace
Shone through his Form; but love for ever bleſt,
Triumphant ſate above, and crown'd the reſt ——
And thus he ſaid.

Almighty Father, happy was that ſound,
That Mercy might, for wretched Man be found,
If an Oblation were might ſatisfy
Thy Juſtice, which is to the Deity
Inſep'rably annext: But who is there,
Amongſt all theſe wing'd Miniſters can bare ——
The Pond'rous Load inpos'd? well may they ſhrink
Their Heads abus'd; for dreadful 'tis to think
How great the Task; how dangerous the Event
May prove; from theſe bleſt Manſions to abſent

Ther

Themſelves how irkſome, and to undergo
A Death to Nature terrible below:
Perhaps too they may ſink (unus'd to Pain)
Beneath the Load and never riſe again.
This Task is for a God. Behold me then,
Son of thy Love; Heir to Imperial Heav'n,
In whom thou always art well pleas'd I'll bare,
This Load my ſelf and all the Glory ſhare:
For Man belov'd, endure thy Frowns a while,
And leave the Joys, which dwell upon thy Smile.
I'll join to humane Fleſh, and yeild my Breath
Under the Cruel Agonys of Death:
My Spotleſs Life thus for his guilty pay,
Till with my Blood I'ave waſh'd his Sins away.
No fear of the Event can touch, for well
I know thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell,
Nor that Corruption ſhall my Body ſeize,
But ſhall again ore Death Triumphant riſe,
In Glory then Aſcend, when at thy Throne,
My Merits ſhall for fallen Man atone,
To Grace reſtoring ſuch as duely prize
My Blood and Meritorious Sacrifize;

With Hearts ſincere: and theſe in Heav'n with me
Shall dwell in one continu'd Jubile,
And Extaſy of Joy to all Eternity.

But they who ſtill in Sins foul Paths will run,
My Blood deſpiſe and all my Precepts ſhun:
(Tho' warning upon warning they ſhall have,
My Arms ſtill open to receive and ſave;
My Umpire Conſcience checking them within,
Without my Prophets warning them of Sin:
Of Bleſt Rewards in Heav'n and Pains in Hell,
And that in one they muſt for ever dwell)
If ſtill their flinty Hearts will hard'ned prove,
Contemning both my Threat'nings and my Love,
Then into Flames Eternal they muſt go,
In Hell, for Equity will have it ſo.

Then thus the Father from his Azure Throne,
Well haſt thou ſaid my moſt beloved Son,
Son moſt belov'd, thou'ſt ſpoke my Hearts, deſire
For Love, repleniſh'd with Paternal Fire.
Ye Hoſts of Heav'n your Adorations pay,
And Us in Him, in ev'ry thing obey. Forth-

Forthwith the Quires their ſacred Numbers ſung,
And Hallelujahs round the Empirean rung.
Their Golden Harps to their glad Voyces join:
And on th' unclouded Face of Heav'n did ſhine
New Joys ineffable: pleas'd at the ſound,
That Mercy ſhould for fallen Man be found:
The Fountain of that Love in Hymns and Songs
They prais'd aloud, and all the ſhining Throngs
Of thoſe extended Empires, of Delight,
In the grand Chorus did at once unite.
Whilſt diſtant Eccho's did the joyful Sounds recite.

Thus, ſaid my Angel Tuteler, you ſee,
How juſt the Judgments on the Wicked be,
Whom ſuch miraculous Effects of Love,
Could never to their juſt Obedience move,
For after Periods fixt, compleated were,
The Glorious Son of God; Eternal Heir
Of Heav'ns extended Empires numberleſs;
Which Hoſts refulgent Infinite, poſſeſs,
Subſervient to his great Beheſts, come down,
His Fathers Boſom left, and left his Crown,

A painful Pilgrimage to undergo,
In humble humane Fleſh and Blood below:
Born of a Virgin, in a Manger lay'd;
And whilſt an Infant, ſought to be betray'd
To barb'rous Cruelty: No Reſt was found
For thoſe bleſt Feet, which hallowed the Ground
Where 'ere he trod. And when he came preach
Salvation to deprav'd Mankind and teach
Th' inductive Road thereto, his Life they ſought,
Who Life Eternal in his Doctrines brought:
With Staves and Clubs ſeiz'd on, as if of Theft
Accus'd; then by his own Diſciples left.
Scoff'd, Scourg'd, Affronted, Mock't, Reproach'd, Revil'd,
With Spittle loath'd, his Heav'nly Face defil'd.
Thoſe Gentle Hands, ſtretch'd to imbrace Mankind,
In Love endearing, cruel Irons joyn'd
(Piercing the tender Muſcles) to the Tree,
His Feet bor'd through with equal Cruelty,
Whilſt through each gaſping Wound, a Crimſon Flood
Did iſſue forth of his moſt precious Blood.
A Crown of Thorns, his graceful Forehead wore,
Deckt with th' Imperial Crown of Heav'n before;

And when his Anguiſh had excited Thirſt,
Gall mixt with Vinegar, with Hands accurſt,
They rear'd up to that ſacred Mouth which taught
Such happy Truths, and ſuch glad Tidings brought.
At length (thus on the Croſs extended wide)
A barb'rous Spear was ſtobb'd into his Side;
On which he cry'd aloud, in Agony,
My God, my God! why has't forſaken me?
And yielded up his Inoffenſive Breath,
Under the moſt Convulſive Pangs of Death.

The Earth's huge Frame did tremble at the Blow
Her faſt Foundations looſening below.
The Temple rent, Rocks did affright'ned quake,
And Ghoſts from their Eternal Reſt awake;
Skimming about their Graves, with Looks agaſt,
And ſhudd'ring at the Scene of Horrour paſt.
The Sun Eclips'd withdrew his glorious Eye,
(Not able to behold the God of Glory die)
And in thick Vails, invelop'd all his Light,
Leaving the whole World plung'd in ſable Night.

Throughout the Firmament, no Sparkle ſhone,
And univerſal Nature gave a Groan.

Upon that ſad and gloomy Day of Fate,
(Which did ev'n to the Realms above dilate.)
We Heav'nly Eſſences could not refrain
Our Sighs and Tears, which nere before did ſtain
Our Orient Forms: Where 'ere we did repair
Drooping, with flagging Wings we beat the Air;
Tuning our Dirges to a mournful Strain,
In ſolemn Sounds repeated back again.
When our ſad Dirges ceas'd a Silence round
Struck all the Bleſt, a Silence moſt profound,
No chearful Look was ſeen: But mournful Eyes,
Mournful as were our Maſter's Fun'ral Obſequies.

O vaſt Exceſs of moſt mirac'lous Love,
Of Love immenſe, which we the Bleſt above,
Can't in our Souls enlight'ned comprehend,
Nor with our Reaſon's Plumet reach the End:
Too high the Top, too too deep is the Abiſs,
For all the moſt Seraphick Souls in Bliſs.

This

This glorious Theam with boundleſs Matter ſtill
Our Songs does daily with new Raptures fill;
So copious is the Subject that 'twill be,
A Fountain unexhauſted to Eternity.

What juſtly muſt preſumptuous Men expect,
Who all the Motives of ſuch Love reject?
What Vengeance to their heinous Crimes be due,
Who crucify him with their Sins anew?
Will they preſume that Heav'n is deaf and blind
To all their ways? or vainly hope to find,
That Mercy they reſiſted with Diſdain?
Or dare they think a God would die in vain?
No; ev'ry drop of his moſt precious Blood,
Requires of Penitential Tears a Flood.

But they who from their Hearts ſincerely prize
His Love and Meritorious Sacrifice,
Who by his Precepts regulate their Ways,
And to his Service conſecrate their Days,
Who with a Zeal his Praiſes celebrate,
What Joys, to Crown their Vertuous Lives do wait?

Yond' narrow Path, tho tedious, will at laſt
Inſtruct, and gratify your Labours paſt.
For now we were returned thither, whence
Our Journey to thoſe Realms we did commence:
Quick ſeem'd our Paſſage, fill'd with the Delight
Of thoſe great Things related in our Flight.

And now a Malancholly Road in view
Appear'd, and Paſſengers but very few.
Rough, ſtuck with pointed Flints each ſide a Hedge,
Of Briars and Thorns, ſometimes upon the Edge
Of Precipices; then on Boggs it lay;
And ſometimes near the Dens of Beaſts of Prey,
Where Vigilant they couch'd them to devour,
The Paſſengers, if by a greater Power
They had not been reſtrain'd: Storms ev'ry where
And racking Clouds did fill the gloomy Air,
Which was Peſtiferous and Inclement,
Productive of Diſeaſes, which were ſent
For Teſts and Monitors, and often more
Helpt on their Pilgrimage than Health before.
Others, black Northern Blaſt of Poverty
With Violence aſſail, and ſome thereby

Of

Of Strength infirm, were frozen'd with Diſpair,
Whilſt others ſtronger built more hardned were,
Whirlepools of Wealth did in ſome places lie,
The Surface ſpread with Gems to take the Eye;
To theſe, long Subteranian Channels lay
Op'ning themſelves again in th'other way:
They who were ſwallow'd here ſunk down amain,
But in the broader Way aroſe again,
Some with a zeal intent and humble Meen,
Who frequently were in Devotion ſeen;
And had abjur'd the World; ſeeming to tread
With Circumſpection, ſtill aſide were led
With a deluſive *Ignis Fatuus*, which
Their Faculties and Reaſon would bewitch
With Superſtitious Errors, tho' tis true,
Some were reclaim'd, alaſs but very few.

Yet ſev'ral Scenes of Pleaſure here aud there,
In this ſad Road did frequently appear;
Not yet to entertain them on the Way,
But meant perniciouſly to lead aſtray;
For thoſe who on them fixt their wandring Eyes,
By Fiends who lurk'd behind were made a Prize.

Many

Many of Aged years the Road begun,
And what requir'd an Age, when Life was done,
Thought to compleat; as if few hours alone,
Would for the Sins of their whole Life atone.
Cold as their Age was their Devotion too,
Nere yet inur'd ſuch Labours to perſue;
So delicate their Temper, the leaſt Rage
Of Storms and Troubles, puſt them off the Stage,
Tho' ſome more firm made up, doubled their haſt,
And reach'd the Goal with much adoe at laſt.

Diverſe there were Maſqu'd with an holy Zeal,
And which a true Compunction ſeem'd to feel,
Nere miſt Devotions and with upcaſt Eyes,
With ſacred Ardour, feign'd to ſolemnize:
Curſt Hippocrites, beſpotted all within,
With foul Contagion, and the ſinks of Sin:
Who would true Penitents be underſtood,
Only to make a Prey upon the Good:
For Worldly ends wore this Religious Mask,
And when they had perform'd their Curſed Task,

By

By unobſerv'd Avenues left the Train,
And to the broader Way return'd again.

This tedious Journey to compleat requires
Sublimeſt Vertues and refin'd Deſires:
A Magnanimity that may reſiſt
Proud Tyrants Cruel Threats: and to perſiſt,
A Reſolution ſtrong: Reproaches there,
Scorns and Affronts, a Patience firm to bear:
A Hope ſecure, to Comfort on the Road:
A Faith beyond what Reaſon can make Good;
An open Charity prompt to relieve,
And Courteous too, all Inj'rys to forgive:
A Courage full, the Devil to Defy;
And Wiſdom to detect his Subtilty.
Sincerity, a Vertue moſt Divine;
And through which all the other Vertues ſhine:

They who were thus endu'd with ev'ry Grace,
Advanc'd their Pilgrimage, with Solemn Pace;
With Looks erect, and elevated Eyes,
Nere glancing on the Worlds low Vanitys:

But

But if ſometimes they interven'd, exempt
From their Dominion, paſt them with Contempt,
By no Obſtructions whatſo'ere demurr'd,
But paſt through all Adverſitys occurr'd:
Through Priſons, Want, Oppreſſion and the Ire
Of Monarchs high inrag'd, and ſome through Fire,
Many oppos'd th' Intreatys of dear Friends,
And ſtrong Incitements to pernicious Ends:
Others through Taunts, Reproach, Contempts and Scorn,
Yet with collected Souls through all were born;
Tho' Nature ſometimes ſhew it ſelf in Grief,
Yet quickly Grace adminiſter'd Relief,
And if they fainted, heavily oppreſt,
By Guardian Angels, they were ſoon careſt
With rich Elixirs and more rich Advice,
Which pointed out the way to Paradice:
Aſſuring what they ſuffer'd was no more,
Than what their Saviour had endur'd before,
For them; who now was pleading for their Peace
At Heav'ns high Throne of Grace, which would releaſe
From all their Suff'rings here, not worth a Thought,
Comparative to what i'th End they brought;

Which

Which here but Momentary, there would be
Rewarded with a Bleſt Eternity:
In Happineſs which never ſinks or cloys,
In Fields of Light and Everlaſting Joys.

In Modeſt, Decent Habit moſt were clad,
And ſome in Rays, but few of ſuch which had,
Thoſe Marks of Indigence worn from their Birth,
For they are oft the moſt deprav'd on Earth:
But ſuch as were impov'riſh'd for the ſake
Of their Religion; whence they will partake
Of more exalted Bliſs, for what they here
Endur'd; of whom the World unworthy were.

Divers amongſt them were, ordain'd by Heav'n,
To take the Conduct of the Souls of Men,
Who faithfully the Truſt, impos'd, diſcharg'd,
And many from the Bonds of Sin enlarg'd,
Who ore their Flocks a careful Eye did keep,
And fed like righteous Paſtors, all their Sheep:
With Pains reducing ſuch as went aſtray,
And ſuch as their Injunctions would obey:

With Looks ſerene and with unclouded Breaſts,
Theſe paſt, and as they paſt confirm'd the reſt.

Some few by Heav'n inſpir'd (and not in vain)
With charming Numbers and Poetick ſtrain,
Their ſharp Afflictions ſoft'ned, which in Throngs
Aſſail'd them, with their tuneful ſacred, Songs:
Alluring, to retain their happy Plight,
By mixing with their profit ſweet Delight,
But moſt (alas the pity) thus endu'd,
Who might obtain, if Righteouſly perſu'd,
A glorious Crown, ungratefully beſtow
On Hell the Product, which to Heav'n they owe.

Amongſt the reſt ſome paſt but very rare,
Who of large heaps of Wealth poſſeſſed were
Enough to purchaſe Pleaſures, and procure
Delights, which to the other Road allure;
But tho' they were bleſt with a Wealthy Lot,
They us'd the World as if they us'd it not.
Nere ſet on tranſitory things their Heart,
But ready at Heav'ns Beck with all to part:

Nor counted them, ev'n whilſt poſſeſt their own,
But that they were Heav'ns Stewards here alone,
Commiſſion'd 'mongſt the Indigent to ſhare
That Wealth, with which they but intruſted were.
But like the Phœnix feign'd in Eaſtern Clime,
Rarely but one of theſe ſeen at a time.

Altho' a mournful Face this Paſſage had,
Each Countenance compos'd, but moſt were ſad:
Tears guſhing down in Torrents from their Eyes,
Their Breaſts emitting often ſcalding Sighs:
Sometimes with folded Hands and bended Knees,
A fervent Zeal their pious Souls would ſeize,
Sending Ejaculations up to Heav'n,
Which Comfort in return ſent back again:
For the great Mediator of Mankind,
(To Mercy more then Judgment's ſtill inclin'd)
Takes inſtant Care their well meant Pray'rs to place
Mixt with his Merits 'fore the Throne of Grace:
Th' Eternal Father pleas'd with all that's done,
By his belov'd and moſt Indulgent Son,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the grateful Scent, does lib'raly,
Imploring Man with ſtrength'ning Grace ſupply.

And tho' they met Afflictions numberleſs.
To Mind and Body, and in various Dreſs:
The Road hard, rough and painful where they paſt,
And with a low'ring Firmament orecaſt:
No grateful Salutations as they went,
But all occurr'd, on Scorn and Malice bent,
Yet did their Looks no Dread nor Terror ſhow,
Nor from them, wild unſeemly Paſſions flow,
Their Conſcience feeling neither Check nor Goad,
Calmly they paſt the ſolitary Road,

At length arriving nearer to the end,
All things did to a happier Viſion tend,
The Path more Smooth and Crown'd with fragrant Flowe
Inſtead of Briars, Mirtles form'd in Bow'rs:
The Storms appeas'd, an Odorif'rous Air,
A kinder Entertainment did prepare,
The Pilgrims to refreſh, fatigu'd with Toyl,
Spreading with gentle Blaſts the verdant Soyl.

And now Deaths other Palace we beheld,
But Oh! how much the former it excel'd?
How ſweet the Site? how charming to the Eye,
Did all the Beautiful Avenues lie?
A Path led to the Front which did divide,
Long Groves of Peaceful Olives on each ſide;
With Grateful Oranges the Sence to chear,
And to extract the Peſtilential Air
Before imbib'd: Tall, well ſhap'd Palms in rows,
(The Type of Vertue which by Preſſure grows)
In comely Order rear'd their graceful Heads,
Shot forth from various colour'd Poppy Beds.
Theſe flank'd the Palace; Turtles on them ſate,
In peaceful Innocence, each with his loving Mate;
And *Philomel*, exciting from her Breaſt,
Her Midnight *Requiums*, tempting pleaſing Reſt.

Kids, Lambs and Fawns, were playing on the Ground,
Where for a while they'd friſk about and bound;
When warm and tir'd, of Streams tranſparant drink,
Then on the Banks in ſoft Repoſe they'd ſink,

The ſhining Palace-Walls all ore were wrought
With never-cank'ring Gold, in various Draught
Of Flowers, which a lovely Object made,
On conſtant Azure being richly laid;
To ſhow that all, (their Courſe would thither tend,)
Muſt perſevere unſully'd to the End.
Tall glitt'ring Spires at top, which reach'd the Sky,
Thereby attracting towards Heav'n the Eye:
A Phænix on the middler Spire was fixt
Upon her Neſt, of divers Spices mixt;
In which departing (like a vertuous Mind)
She left an Odorif'rous Scent behind.

The Battlement the twelve Apoſtles Crown'd,
Their Heads incircled with bright Glory round;
And clad in ſhining Robes, theſe taught Mankind
To ſtingleſs Death this happ'er Path to find.
Upon the Front a glorious Figure ſtood,
Lucid, yet imitating Fleſh and Blood:
Compos'd of Orient Gems of various Hue,
So ſtrangely mixt in Unions, that they ſhew

A Natural Exiſtence, but more bright
Than Rays reflected of refulgent Light.
This dazling Figure was to repreſent,
Our Saviour coming in the Firmament
To judge the World: A Crown in his right Hand,
His left Hand did a flaming Sword command;
This ſhew the Juſt Rewards of Wicked Men,
And that the Glory of the Saints in Heav'n:
Death (vanquiſh'd by his dying) ſeem'd behind
In Triumph to be led, his Pow'r reſign'd:
And next him in an Adamantine Chain
Satan bound faſt, who ſtrove Eſcape in vain.
A Scroll of Azure at his Feet there lay,
With theſe Words wrought in Gold, *I AM THE WAY.*

The Windows were tranſparent Chriſtal made
Upon the Roof, to Heav'n alone diſplay'd;
No Proſpect of the Earth could through be ſeen,
Or any worldly Object intervene.

Beneath the glorious Figure was the Gate,
Of curious Workmanſhip, but wondrous ſtrait;

The Entrance in, much ſtruggling did require,
The Paſſengers conſtrained to retire,
If Ought ſtuck on them of the World or Sin,
To clear it off, before they could get in.

A pleaſing Scene (be'ng enter'd) did appear,
And ev'ry Aſpect look'd ſerene and clear :
No more Afflictions, Griefs or Troubles now,
But ſmiling Peace ſat Crown'd on ev'ry Brow :
The heavy Laden now no more conſtraint
Endure, or under grievous Burthens faint !
From groaning Labour here, all are diſcharg'd :
The Slave unchain'd : The Priſoner enlarg'd :
No more th' Oppreſſours threat'ning Voice they hear ;
Nor tortur'd Wretches, cruel Tyrants fear ;
No more the auxious Cares of Life perplex ;
Nor Frowns of adverſe Fortune, longer vex :
Nor longer now, at Providence Divine,
Does pinching, Meager want, tempt to repine,
Diſeaſes cruel, here their Period find,
Nor more torment the ſympathizing Mind
Misfortunes of true Friends no longer greive,
Nor falſe ones more with fair Pretence deceive :

But from all Pains and Griefs of Life ſet free,
They here imbrace a ſmiling Liberty.

The Palace only one large Hall contain'd,
Moſt Adequate; the guilded Roof ſuſtain'd
By Pillars of red Porphery, on theſe
Were fixed Scrols of ſacred Sentences,
Preparatives for Death, evincing plain,
The great Advantages from thence, and Gain;
Since through her Fatal, but propitious Gate,
They entered on an ever bleſt Eſtate.

The holy Patriarchs and Prophets (who
Had paſt this Palace and the Bleſſings knew
Would Crown the End; foretelling them to all)
Dicipher'd were at large, upon the Wall,
With ev'ry Noble Act and brave Effort
Remark'd them, to obtain this happy Port.

At th' upper End a glorious Throne was rear'd
Of Agats durable, on which appear'd,
In *Baſſo Relievo* well expreſt,
Th' Aſcention, when our Saviour had ſuppreſt

Death's virulency, and his cruel Sting
Extirpated, which did ſuch Terrour bring:
Bright Rays of Glory darting through the Sky
About Crowns of Imperial Dignity,
Imbroider'd were upon the Canopy;
To elevate their Souls and hold them faſt
Till this their laſt Scene were ſecurely paſt.
Death ſat upon the Throne not gaſtly here
As on his other Throne he did appear;
No daunting Dread did ſit upon his Brow,
To Nature, no amazing Terror now;
But lovely was his Aſpect full of Charms,
And all leapt Cheerfully into his Arms.

Thouſands of Guardian Angels hover'd there,
To take of parting Souls the Charge and Care,
In their laſt Moments, to defend and gaurd,
From the Aſſaults of Satan each his ward;
Then to Coduct from hence, their happy Flight,
Up to their promis'd Manſious of Delight.

Soft

Soft ſolemn Muſick conſtantly around
The Palace, in Harmonious Lays did Sound
Effecting Extacy; ſoft Breezes blew;
A thouſand trilling Springs, their Waters threw
To diſtant Baſons, with a murm'ring Noiſe
Falling therein, indulg'd Sleeps balmy Joys;
Whilſt happy, bliſsful Peace and Downey Reſt,
Advanc'd ſedately into ev'ry Breaſt.

The Lofty Roof would ſuddenly divide
At Intervals, and ſhew the Glorify'd;
Granting a Glance, to Rapture them below,
Of what they ſoon ſhould in full Afflu'nce know.

Retir'd Alcoves were round the Palace ſpread,
Each of them furniſh'd with a Downy Bed;
On which the Gueſts, tir'd of their tedious Road,
Firſt recommending of themſelves to God,
With abſolute Compoſure down they lay,
Whilſt Muſick gently ſtole their Souls away:
Their Guardian Angels tending their laſt Breath,
And having clos'd their ſmiling Eyes in Death,

With warbling Notes did whaft them through the Air,
Whilſt to their promis'd Manſions they repair.

Thus, then my Monitor Celeſtial,
You'ave ſeen what both the Good and Bad befal
In this Life's Pilgrimage: how Death appears,
Accompan'd with Horrours, Frights and Fears,
Unto the Wicked: But how Calm and Bleſt,
Kindly indulging ſoft Repoſe and Reſt
To the upright; here all their Sorrows end,
And Death's to them a true Compaſs'nate Friend.

Now what Rewards Propitious Heav'ns beſtow,
To Crown their well paſt Vertuous Lives below,
In part we'll ſhew: But firſt your Soul muſt be
Invigorated for the Extacy:
For tho' tis from it's Body now enlarg'd, —
And of its Organs cumberſome diſcharg'd;
And thence more vigorous for the Acceſs
Introductory; but to bear the ſtreſs
Of thoſe ſtupendious Joys, too weak alas
By infinite Degrees: For they who paſs
From Earth to thoſe immence Delights above,
Through Maturations gradually move,

In Heav'ns Preliminarys; ere they're fit,
In Glory on their promis'd Thrones to ſit.
Yet the Celeſtial Cordial which I brought,
Of ſuch corroberating Vertue's fraught,
That the proportion doubled, 'twill indue,
With ſtrength ſufficient for a tranſient view.
Hav'ng taken twice the quantity, or more,
Of what he judg'd ſufficient was before;
I found its Operation ſtrait ſupply,
With freſh additional Vivacity,
And all my Intellects invigorate,
Aſpiring far beyond my Priſtine State:
I look'd on ſublunary Things as vain:
At ſomething yet unknown, they ſeem'd to ſtrain
Their lofty level'd Bent; capacious more,
For vig'rous Flight too, than I was before.

Death's peaceful Palace leaving now, our Flight
We to the *Zenith* held, ſoaring upright:
Then paſſing through the Planetary Spheres,
Which meaſure out the Days and Months, and Years,
Their Revolutions with harmonious ſound
Performing, as they ſwiftly poſted round:

We

We reach'd to Heav'ns Innubilous Serene;
Where fluctuating Light fill'd all the Scene
Of vaſt Expanſion; all pure Æthur here,
No groſſer Air clogg'd the tranſparent Sphere.
Still ſoaring in this luminous Extent;
A dazling Object did at length preſent
To diſtant view: The glitt'ring Walls they were
Which verg'd Heav'ns Empire; here the Æthur rare
Imbib'd the *Aromatick* Odours, which
Did flow from thoſe bleſt Regions and inrich
Theſe Fields of Light, with their delicious Smell,
That bleſt it ſeem'd upon Heav'ns Skirts to dwell.
Theſe Odours from the ſacred Incenſe fly,
Each Moment offer'd to the Deity.
Soft Eccho's ore the Wall did oft deſcend
Of Harmony, and all around diſtend
Dulciſonant, with Cloſes raviſhing,
Which perfum'd Blaſts of Æthur hither bring.

The glorious Walls did on each Hand dilate,
Vaſtly beyond what Sight could terminate:

Which

Which did along in Myſtick order hold
Millions of ſparkling Gems inchac'd in Gold;
Tranſparent Mettle, and of ſuch a Gloſs,
Our Gems to thoſe are Foils, our Gold but Droſs.
Innumerable Tow'rs thereon were fixt,
From one intire Gem ſome were made, ſome mixt
Their pointed Rays from divers ſent, and ſhone
Illuſtrious: Here a bright Saphire Stone,
Opacous like an Azure Firmament,
Which round a moſt delightful Luſtre ſent,
Was ſhap'd into a wondrous Frame; and near
Another of a Topas did appear,
Vying with Gold and Light in Beauty: There
A Pearl and Orient Ruby mixed were,
Looking like bluſhing Morn; near that there was
An Emerald whoſe bright Green did ſurpaſs
The Vernal Seaſon: Next to that, one made
Of an huge Carbuncle, which round diſplay'd
Its flaming Luſtre: A vaſt Number more,
Which a partic'lar, ſep'rate Beauty bore,
For which on Earth we have no like or name,
Whereby to call or repreſent the ſame,

Of various Forms and Colours, blazon'd all
The Battlements of the extended Wall.

Within theſe Lucid Tow'rs the Heav'nly Guard
Of Seraphin, held their Alternate Ward,
In caſe long baniſh'd *Lucifer* ſhould dare,
To theſe bleſt Limits ever to repair,
On ancient Claim pretended; and defile
With his Infernal Track the hollow'd Soil.
Like full Orb'd Suns upon the Tow'rs they ſhine,
In glitt'ring Armour from Heav'ns Magazine.

Three Gates of a Prodigious ſize did Grace
The Front, and fill'd with Luſtre all the Place;
From one large Diamond, each Gate was wrought,
To wondrous Form by Skill Angelick brought,
With Ornaments Magnificent, in State
Illuſtrious: And thus was ev'ry Gate
In general; twelve Columns did uphold
The lofty Arch, wreath'd up with burniſh'd Gold;
Upon the Baſes were the Trophys, gain'd
By *Michael*, when the Vict'ry he obtain'd

Over the Prince of th' Air, in Gold rais'd high
Upon the Di'mond Ground, through which did fly
It's ſparkling Beams, ſhedding their Luſtre far,
While ev'ry Ray ſhot forth, appear'd a Star :
Each Capital, was a large Coronet,
With Orient Pearl in Circ'lar Manner ſet.
The Arches Roof was fretted Gold, between
Some places Azure, ſome an Em'rald Green ;
And thus each Gate, but each with varied skill,
Each glitt'ring Baſes, various Trophys fill ;
The Fret-work varied and each Capital,
And ſo (the gen'ral Form excepted) all.

The middle Arch was higher than the Reſt,
Faith, by a glorious Figure was expreſt
Upon the Front, with ſteady Aſpect, near
In Glorious Characters decipher'd were,
The ever Bleſt and Holy Trinity,
And th' Incarnation's ſacred Miſtery.

Hope on the Right-hand Arch, with well pleas'd Look,
And Form Erect, in her Right-hand a Book

Oraçu-

Oraculous, which taught, what Joys attend
All thoſe who preſever'd unto the End,

Upon the Left-hand Arch, with humble Meen,
And Look compaſs'nate, Sweet and Serene,
Stood *Charity*, and by her, Providence,
Epitomiz'd in moſt miſterious Sence.

Legions of Angels paſt theſe luſtrious Gates
Contin'ally, upon the great Mandates
Of the Omnipotent; ſome Miſſion'd went,
The Fiend's ſly Machinations to prevent,
And ſuccour tempted Man with freſh ſupply
Of Vigour, 'gainſt his common Enemy:
Others departing Souls to Bliſs to Guard,
Their laſt Hours ſtrength'ning with the ſure Reward.
Some to obſerve that Nature keeps her Courſe,
According to her conſtituted Source;
That all Created Beings duly were
Supply'd with Bounteous Providential Care.
But thoſe commiſſion'd with the chief Import,
To ſignalize their uttermoſt Effort,

Were them appointed to the Churches Aid,
To keep her firm and Conſtant, undiſmay'd
By Tyrants Threats, and unpolluted by
Enthuſiaſm or Idolatry.

We made our Entrance at the middle Gate,
Into a Court not Vaſt but adequate:
Through which bright Streams of Liquid Chriſtal flow,
This all muſt paſs before they further go,
To cleanſe from ev'ry Stain which might defile
Before they enter'd on this happy Soil:
An Alter high, of one large Agat made,
Which all its Colours in bright Beams diſplay'd:
(Where Seraphin of the firſt Hierarchy,
Adminiſter'd unto the Deity,
With Reverence profound and ſolemn) ſtood
Upon the other ſide of th' ſhining Flood:
Here all their Adorations pay'd, before
They further paſt upon that ſacred Shore.
Beyond, another lofty Gate did ſtand,
Directly entring on the Hallow'd Strand:

Hav'ng

Hav'ng wash'd, and paid our Adorations, then
W' advanc'd to this Refulgent Gate of Heav'n.

The End of the Third Part.

THE VISION &c.

The FOURTH PART.

THE VISION &c.

The FOURTH PART.

THE VISION, &c.

The FOURTH PART.

The ARGUMENT.

The Entrance into Heaven. Their Joys there in part Exemplify'd. A Deſcription of Site and Soil, and Product thereof. The Tree of the Life deſcrib'd, and it's Vertues: The Road leading to the Heaven of Heavens. The Amphitheator in the middle of the Road, encompaſſed with the Thrones of the Bleſt. Their ſeveral Degrees of Honour, Glory and Bliſs. The Joy in Heaven at the Converſion of a Sinner. A Triumph in Heaven in Commemoration of the Day, wherein the Almighty declared our Lord Jeſus Chriſt his Son. The Equipage of the Triumph. The Angels and his Charge's Return from Heaven.

THis Gate which enter'd on the Halcion Shore,
Excell'd the other (tho' illuſtrious) more,
Than the bright Luminarys of the Skie,
The Glow-Worm's faint and glim'ring Light outvie;

So Elegant to Miracle 'twas made;
And bright, the Sun ſeem'd to it but a Shade:
With ſuch large ſtreams of Light the Stones did Flame
(Found in Heav'ns Mines for which we want a Name).
That all th' adjacent Parts with Splendour flow'd,
Which to this Tall, Refulgent Gate they ow'd.
This by th' Omnipotent's *Self* finiſh'd was;
No Angels ſecond hand did on it paſs.
The *Signet* on the Front, of the moſt High,
Was blazon'd by Celeſtial Heraldry,
But ſo inceſſantly thick Flaſhes play'd
About the Luminous Impreſs; diſmay'd
With the Exceſſive Radiance, I dar'd
Nor look for the Contents, being unprepar'd
For Luſtre ſo immenſe, only perceiv'd
JEHOVAH through the whole was interweav'd.
The Gate be'ng enter'd, Objects ſtruck my Eyes,
Of Violent but raviſhing Surpriſe;
The very Clime with Extacy inſpir'd,
And my whole Soul with unknown Pleaſures fir'd:
Enormous the Delight which flow'd around,
Whilſt Rapture did in ev'ry Soul abound.

But in theſe everlaſting Fields of Bliſs,
The State ſo perfectly repleniſh'd is,
No language can one Moments Joy expreſs,
Nor any Figure one ſhort Rapture Dreſs:
None but the Heav'nly Tongues, which do compriſe
More in a Moment, than we can deviſe,
By our Speech deliatory, in an Age;
Nor can w'expreſs the Luſtre of that Stage:
But if we may great things with ſmall compare,
And by faint Similes, the Glorys there,
Leſſen to Humane Apprehenſion, while
We do with happy Error, Men beguile
To appetency of that Bliſs, and move
Their Hearts to Holineſs, and fervent Love
Of Precepts tending to thoſe Joys Above;
We'll give a Foil, for all we can's no more,
To ſet off the Perfections of that Shore.

The Roads and Paths, are pav'd with Stars throughout,
The Duſt, Pearl pulveriz'd, and puft about

By Odorif'rous Breezes, which ariſe
From Caverns, in melodious Symphonys.
Rivers of Liquid Amber gently flow
Between Enamel'd Banks of Flow'rs, which grow
In various Forms and Colours, and the Sight
Pleaſe by their Beautys with a ſtrange Delight;
Their Aromatick Odours, duly ſhed,
Around the Soil in grateful Steams are ſpread.
Not ſuch as in our Plots below, which ſhoot
From a foul, rank and ſometimes venom'd Root;
Where Het'rogenious Atoms interpoſe,
From whence they Taſte and Smell and Colour looſe,
But there all Homogenial do unite,
To Form and Tincture for a full Delight
Each Product in Perfection; nor contains
That Soil, of barren Matter, wandring Veins;
No Particles but what Fructifick there,
And to a proper Species mixed, are:
No Mildews there, or North-Eaſt Blaſts are known,
To ſtint or check their Flouriſhing when grown,
But Dews Nutricious help their coming forth,
And Gales Prolifick prompt their Infant Growth.

From

From ſome they Sov'rain Eſſences extract,
Which taſted, make the Soul inliven'd act
With more Vivacity; and New Delight,
By their Spiriteous Temp'rament excite.
Theſe Flowers never languiſh, or decay
With Leaves diſcolour'd, withering away;
But as their Nutrimental Juice is ſpent,
Retaining ſtill their Colour, Form and Scent,
Dry gradually, till they'ave waſted all
Their Moiſture, then in rich Pulvilio fall;
Which on their Wings, the gentle Breezes bare,
And all around perfume the fluid Air.

The Trees are there of ſhape moſt Elegant,
And Crown'd with Fruit delicious, ev'ry Plant:
Some look like bluſhing Rubys, which produce
A Sprightly, Fragrant, Aromatick Juice,
Starting upon the Touch, which in a Trice
The Savour give at once of ev'ry Spice.
Some are ſtreak'd like the Roſey finger'd Morn,
And ſome an Azure Tincture does adorn;

Like Jacinths ſome and ſome like Berrylls ſhin'd,
And all their Taſts as diff'rent as their kind:
With Numbers, which as only there they grow,
So none, but there, their Names and Natures know:
Some Poignant; others Dulcid, all correct,
And which no after-Cruditys effect.

Thouſands of Shrubs were there of humbler growth,
Which various Balſoms of rare Scents brought forth:
In Bearded Husks, in Shells and Rinds, all which
In moſt delightful Fragrances were Rich.
Whilſt all around their ſprightly Scents they ſhare,
Filling with pleaſing Steams the ambient Air.

But that which infin'tly excels the reſt
In numberleſs, bright Blooming Beautys dreſt,
As large a ſtock of Flowers in it dwells,
And of as many Oderif'rous Smells;
Is the moſt ſacred Tree of Life, which ſtands
Upon a riſing Mount, and round commands
A vaſt Circumference of Ground; the Top
Does ſeem the ſhining Roof of Heav'n to prop:

The Fruit appears of Glob'lar, burniſh'd Gold,
Iſſuing bright Rays, moſt charming to behold;
The Leaves which to the ſhining Boughs are fixt,
Do ſeem of Emerald and Topas mixt:
Millions of Flow'rs about the Bark do Swarm,
Of diff'rent Colour and of diff'rent Form,
Which lead the Eye in a delightful Maze,
With pleaſing mixture of their gaudy Rays:
Th' Exub'rant Gum, which does inceſſant flow,
From all the Pores to the Rich Soil below,
Is a delicious, Sublim'd Frankincenſe,
Th' Arabian compar'd, does give Offence,
Hence the continual Incenſe they ſupply,
That's offer'd to the Sacred Majeſty
Of Heav'ns Imperial Throne. This Hallow'd Tree
For ever Blooms, the Bloſſoms ſeem to be.
Large Oriental Pearl, at the ſame time
Are Buds and Bloſſoms and Fruit in their Prime,
Which as they're gather'd are ſupply'd as faſt,
And thus to all Eternity 'twill laſt.

No Vegitative Life of Sperrits ſcant,
But an Immortal Soul informs this Plant:

Taſting

Tasting the Bliss it self, which for the use
Of the Seraphick Quires it does produce;
Felicify'd by its own Vertues, while
With pleasing Gusts, from the Luxuriant Soil,
Delicious Juices it extracts, and feeds,
The constant Source from whence the Fruit proceeds.
Which as they're through small Fibers taken in,
Through Pores Minute, they are transpir'd again,
In sounds Harmonious, like the soft Repeat
Of Eccho's, which the Ears at distance, greet:
Millions of these small Pipes Incessantly,
In gentle Strains breath forth their Melody.

The Fruit, when prest, Effluviums issue out,
Which fill all the delicious Air about
With fragrant Gusts; but tasted, it inspires
With Bliss Extatick, forming new Desires,
And feeding them when form'd, which never cloy,
For when repleniss'h'd, a new taste of Joy
Succeeds: Such Vertues complicated be
In the Ambrosial Savour of this Tree,

What Taſte, what Smell, what Joy ſo'ere or Bliſs,
Suggeſted in th' Imagination is,
Or Image or Idea in the Mind,
They find it here, on Thought, but more refin'd.

The large Extent which by this Tree is Crown'd,
With twiſted Balliſters is compaſs'd round,
Of beaten Gold, ſtuck full of Orient Gems;
The Soil beneath it ſhoots forth divers Stems,
And numberleſs, ſome beautious Flowers bare,
And others knotted in rich Balſoms are;
Which the fructifick Drops of falling Juice,
In the Soils pregnant Womb conceiv'd, produce:
About the Balliſters, Celeſtial Guards
Patrol, and ſome keep to their conſtant Wards;
Not fearing a Surprize from ſome ill Fate,
But to maintain a Majeſty and State.

The thick ſpread Boughs, Alcoves delightful Form,
In which the Heavnly Dwellers hourly ſwarm,
The Pleaſures of the ſacred Fruit to taſt,
Whilſt raptur'd with the Soveraign Repaſt,

Quaffing

Quaffing the Nect'ral Juice, they're plung'd in Joys
Unutterable : Then charm'd with the Noise,
Which from the Transpirations do arise,
With which their Souls Harmonious, sympathize,
They chant forth Extacys so ravishing,
That all the Neighb'ring Blest about they bring,
To joyn their Quires, and then to gather all,
Eccho'ng through Heav'n int' one grand Chorus fall:
The Theam (tho' always drest in various Words)
One Subject unexhaustible affords
Alone, which is the great Creators Praise,
Who first to this Beautitude did raise
Their glorious Forms: Loud Hallelujahs round,
From Golden Harps to their blest Voices sound,
Loud Hallelujahs all the neighb'ring Hills rebound.
Great change of Scenes, these blissful Climes contain,
Of various Beautys all; here a large Plain,
With Streams of diff'rent Colours interpos'd,
And with Enamels different inclos'd,
The Soil's gay Offspring; which contiguous lie
And in Meanders lead the ravish'd Eye:

Some

Some Streams of Pearl diſſolv'd and ſome of Gold
Liquid and Potable, ſome Banks infold
Bright fluid Saphires; as they paſs between,
Appearing like a Firmament ſerene;
Others of Chriſtal, by reflection ſhow,
From Heav'ns bright Roof, another Roof below;
There on a riſing Mount, freſh Mirtle Bow'rs,
With guilded Leaves and Aromatick Flow'rs,
Their Smell and Sight, both raviſhing! and near
Bright Orange Groves and Jeſſamy appear:
Within, ſmall Rills paſs with Harmonious Sound,
Moiſt'ning with their tranſparent Streams the Ground:
Whilſt through the Boughs, bright flickring Beams do play,
And ev'ry glitt'ring Leaf reflects a Ray.
In ſome parts, wild Groteſco charms the Sight,
In various and myſterious Delight;
Artful Diſorder there in Mazes lies,
With Regular Irregularities:
Tall Rocks of Diamond ſome places crown,
Whence Lucid Cataracks do iſſue down,
But peaceful Banks their Force, reſtrain below,
Whilſt gently on the Golden Sands they flow:

Num-

Numberleſs Fountains, here and there are plac'd,
With Multitudes of Noble Figures grac'd,
Which caſt aloft the Treaſures they contain,
Of Eſſences and Nectars, which again
Fall into Spacious Baſons of pure Gold.
Enamel'd, which theſe precious Liquors hold.

In theſe bleſt Regions a broad Road divides
The Pleaſures lie extended on both ſides:
Stars more conſpicious here their Beams diſplay,
Which Men below have nam'd the Milkey way:
This by aſcent of gentle Riſe, proceeds,
And to the Heav'n of Heav'ns directly leads,
Which theſe Extents, by vaſt degrees excels,
For there th' Omnipotent *Jehovah* dwells,
In hallow'd bright Receſs and radiant Light,
Too dazling for the approach of Angels ſight,
Until invigorated by the Force
Of Means preparative, from that great Source:
Tho' his refulgent Rays, do ſtrike at times,
Their Luſtre throughout theſe remoter Climes.

On either ſide the Road the Manſions are,
Of glorious Structure, where the Bleſt repair.
When e're their ſacred Exerciſes ceaſe,
To be involv'd in Balmey Reſt and Eaſe;
Not that their Souls do ever Faint or Tire,
Or any Supplemental Reſt require,
But for a Change Delectable of Bliſs,
From whence it more exaggerated is.

Two Amphitheators of ample Space
The ſhining Paſſage in the Middle grace,
Innumerable Thrones encompaſs round
Theſe Stages, where the Saints with Glory Crown'd
Triumphant ſit: and for the Scorns below,
Diſgraces and Contemps they undergoe,
Their Conſcience to preſerve Immaculate,
Are there rewarded with Imperial State
Of Thrones and Diadems, with which they'll be
Enroyalliz'd to all Eternity:
But yet Inſtall'd in gradual Hierarchys,
Of diff'rent Glory, differenttoo, Degrees

Of Bliſs they'll taſt, as their Deſerts were here
Proportionably their Rewards are there:
The glorious Apoſtles do command
The lofty'ſt Thrones; and thoſe which next do ſtand,
The Prophets fill; next them the Martyrs ſit,
And ſuch as moſt Converted Souls did fit
For that Beatitude: promiſcuouſly,
Thouſands of Saints the other Thrones ſupply.

Yet none Superiour Sanctions envy, none
Do emulate a more exalted Throne,
For with as high Bliſs all repleniſh'd are,
As their whole Frames are capable to bear,
And as they're more exalted, ſo each Soul
Is more Capacious made, thence to controul
The Inundations of ſuch Joys, would drown
Th' Inferior; thus each with his proper Crown
Contented is, and all his Strength employs
To praiſe the bounteous Source of all his Joys.

And not a few there are, whom new acceſs
Of Glory, ſtill augmenting, does careſs;

Such as have left Religious Tracts behind,
To cultivate with Heav'nly Seed, the Mind:
As Proſelytes they have induc'd below,
Above their Joys in greater Meaſure flow;
Which th' Apoſtolick Miſſives do Inherit
In greater Tides, proportion'd to their Merit:
The great Saint *Paul*, the foremoſt Rank doth claim,
Whoſe Works have purchas'd him ſuch ſacred Fame,
From Proſelytes innumerable, taught
Thereby, and thence to Life Eternal brought;
And as with fuller Happineſs he's charg'd,
His Soul's ſtill for reception, more enlarg'd,

The vaſt extreams, thoſe Souls felicify
Of Bliſs immenſe, and Perpetuity
Through inf'nite change, in each change to exceſs
Of Plenitude, ev'n in their humbleſt Dreſs
Inutterable are: But when not bent
In Frowns, the Face of the Omnipotent,
But darting Smiles pacifick, they behold,
Raptures, which can't by Angels Tongues be told,

Succeeding Raptures, ſhoot through all the Bleſt,
Which is by all their bright'ned Forms confeſt:
For when thoſe efficacions Rays excite
Th' exhilerated Sperrits with Delight,
The Soul be'ng thence far more vivacious made,
Redoubled Beauty throughout is diſplay'd.

Ineffable the Pleaſures alſo are.
And Extacy, which at th' approach, they ſhare
Of their great Mediator, when they ſee
That Body, which upon the Curſed Tree
Was Crucify'd and for their Sakes alone,
Their Numberleſs Offences to atone;
And after Interceeding for their Sake,
That they might of his endleſs Joys partake;
Imbracing them now with his peirced Hands,
And each inveſting with the large Commands
Of Thrones and Principalitys, made good
By the Effuſion of his precious Blood:
Joying himſelf to ſee his Saints at laſt
Secur'd from all Relapſes, and lockt faſt

In his Indulgent Arms, there to remain
Careſs'd, and with him evermore to reign.

Great alſo is th' Enjoyment, which they find,
In Mutual Freindſhip, one according Mind
Poſſeſſing all, no ſep'rate Factions there,
Nor ſep'rate Intereſts diſputed are;
But all in amicable Concord meet,
And one another's Bliſs with Pleaſure greet,
For one great work alone does all imploy,
To Magnify the Fountains of their Joy:
Loud Plaudits they to God the Father raiſe
For their Creation: and Immortal Praiſe
To the Eternal, Glorious Son, from whom
Redemption and their Reſtoration come:
To th' Holy Ghoſt, for Efficacious Grace
Aſſiſting them to run their happy Race.

But Oh! the Pleaſures which they entertain,
When former Freinds on Earth they meet again,
After they'ave been through various dangers hurld
On the Tempeſtuous Ocean of the World;

Their perillous Encounters, now all ore,
And safely Landed on the Halcion Shore:
What Satisfaction do they then expres,
Dissolve in Joy, Imbrace them and Caress?
When Parents there, the blest Effects do find,
Of pious Precepts which they left behind;
In the Arrival, to that Happy State
Of those, their Offspring were, Regenerate.
When Brothers there and Sisters meet, (more nigh
In Friendship than in Consanguinity)
Surprising Pleasures their Incounters bless
Which their new guilded Forms aloud confess.

Yet more exalted will be their Delight,
Whom here the Church in sacred Bands unite,
United in their Hearts too, and in all
The Relishes of Casualties befal.
Their Humane Life precarious, who each Grief,
And Joy divide: and both of one Belief,
With mutual Aid upon the Woulds rough Stage,
More cheerfully they pass their Pilgrimage;

Till either to their Audit's ſummon'd up,
Tho' then the other taſtes the bitter Cup,
'Tis ſoon forgotten when they meet above,
To taſte the Raptures of Eternal Love;
Flying into each others Arms with more
Sublim'd a Fervour, then they'd known before;
Unſully'd with Carnality, refin'd
To a Seraphick Ardour of the Mind.
There no allay by Croſſes will be found,
Or Councils of baſe Sicophants unſound,
Or Friends (ſo falſly call'd) with Piques annoy,
Or Death to put a Period to their Joy;
But free from all Impediment and Change,
Through endleſs Labyrinths of Love they'll range,
And ſince 'tis Beauty kindles firſt Deſire,
And afterwards maintains there ſacred Fire,
So then their Beauty being in Exceſs,
Th' Effects ariſing thence can be no leſs;
For when upon that Coaſt arriv'd they be,
A new Impreſſion of the Deity
Is ſtamp'd upon them, free from all Defects;
Of Form Angelick; and their Intellects

More clear and height'ned, which Attraction give
That's irresistable, from whence they'll live
In Bands indissoluble of Amours.
And this a gen'ral Amity procures
Amongst the Blest, who in each other find,
Such lovely Objects to engage the Mind,
In Form and Intellect, that struck thereby,
They yield to mutual Captivity:
Which Band accumelates still greater Bliss,
Whilst one's Enjoyment all, the other's is:
And each, by Friendship thus reciprocal,
At once enjoys the Happiness of all.
But as two Needles by the Magnet's Grace,
(Be'ng touch'd therewith) do eagerly imbrace,
Yet still more Love to that Magnetick Force
Retain, be'ng of their Mutual Love the Source;
So their firm Friendship never deviates
From Heav'n their Just Affection, but creates
A greater Appetency, since they know,
From thence the Motives, of this Friendship flow:
Thus tho' their Ardours mutually tend,
All in th' Eternal's Praise and Glory end.

Whilst

Whilſt thus I was revolving on their State,
In full Felicity how conſummate?
How clear a Spirit their free Souls poſſeſt?
Their Language, how Emphatically Dreſt?
And what bright Joys did guild them, when they ſpoke?
How one anothers Bliſs they did provoke
In Terms endearing; with harmonious Sound
Of Voice, their Hearts conveying, where they found
Joyful Reception: All ſtill preſſing on
To new Delights, before the old were gone;
Tumultuous Joys, which above Suff'rance were,
But that on once, they'd Strength infus'd to bare;
Thus I revolving was with ſerious Thought,
On what ſuch raviſhing Idea's wrought:
When on the ſudden a loud Noiſe did ring,
Such as when Meſſengers glad Tidings bring
Long wiſh'd for; Inſtruments by String and Wind;
The Chorus with ten thouſand Voices joyn'd,
In joyful Harmony: *Hoſannah they*
In ſweet Diviſions ſung; Hoſannah *play*
On all their Inſtruments; *in Eccho's ſweet*,
The diſtant Groves Hoſannah *back repeat.*

My ſacred Guide, obſerving my ſurprize,
Inform'd me whence theſe bleſſed Sounds did riſe,
That all this Joy was for the ſecond Birth,
Of a Converted Sinner upon Earth,
A Prodigal return'd, when both with Voice,
And Heart the Saints and Angels all rejoyce.

He further added, *Jubilees there were,*
When all the Glorious Hoſts of Heav'n repair,
At certain Revolutions, to adorn
Great Triumphs in Commemoration born
Of Deeds Illuſtrious, worthy of the Fame,
Which will eternally attend the ſame;
Perform'd by the Omnipotent, or done
By the great Object of his Love, his Son:
As that Fam'd Day when Satan and his Hoſt
Were vanquiſh'd and expell'd the Heav'nly Coaſt:
And when the Fabrick both of Heav'n and Earth
From the Almighty Fiat *took its Birth:*
And when our Saviour, riſing from the Dead,
Hav'ng conquer'd Death and Hell, both Captive led:
When alſo th' Holy Ghoſt, the Comforter,
With Mankind condeſcended to confer,

Inſpiring them with Notions, whence to Teach
Succeeding Ages, and Miracl'ous Speech
In various Language, to convince thereby
The World of their Infallability:
With other Times, of Glorious Acts in Heav'n
Perform'd and Numberleſs; unknown to Men,
As not relating to them: for Earth's Ball
Is not one Atom, when compar'd to all
That Boundleſs Space th' Incomprehenſible,
Does with Tranſcendent Acts Unrival'd fill,
But now (my Guide continu'd,) *is at Hand,*
A Day which in Heav'ns Kalender does ſtand
High noted, when the God-Head did declare —
His Sole begotten Son, Th' Illuſtrious Heir,
Of Heav'nly Empires, Numberleſs and Wide,
And all the Pow'rs contain'd therein beſide.

This ſaid; I caſt my Eyes up to the Gates,
(Where this Refulgent Empire terminates)
Which to the Heav'n of Heav'ns admittance give,
Where only the High Court Imperial Live:
The Gates of vaſt expanſion were, and ſhone
With Gems ſo Luminous, each Ray alone Ap-

Appear'd a full Orb'd Sun, if not more bright,
Yet each ſprung forth a diverſe colour'd Light:
Which when they 'gan to open, a ſtrange Maze
Of Luſtre Shot with intermixing Rays,
While ev'ry way their Flaſhes thick they threw,
Which various momentary Beautys ſhew:
In the loud Noiſe the Hinges made, did ſound,
Ten Thouſand Trumpets ecchoing around:
Be'ng by tall Angels open'd, at the firſt
Thick Steams of Odorif'rous Scents did burſt
From their rich ſtores within, then Streams did flow
Of Light which ſo refin'd and pure did ſhow,
That it converted to an obvious Shade,
The Luſtre, which before the Heav'n diſplay'd:
Next the Celeſtial, Radiant Guards did ſhine,
In Armour dreſt from Heav'ns bright Magazine,
Beauty ineffable ſat on each Face
In Blooming Youth mixt with a manly Grace:
Michael their moſt renown'd and Warlike Head,
The Van with Godlike Port and Conduct led,
Not bent in Frowns as when he did contend,
With the Rebellious and Revolting Fiend,

But with Pacifick Front and bright Array,
Such as became the Triumphs of the Day:
In the wide Front ten thouſand did appear,
Proportionably number'd to the Rear.
Theſe but th' advanc'd Guards were for Millions more,
Follow'd as Glorious as thoſe went before:
Next came the Imperial Standard, rear'd on high,
Which like a Meteor blazing in the Sky
Appear'd ſupported by the Chief of Heav'n,
For ſtrenuous Force and Form Majeſtick: Then
The great Regalia of th' Omnipotent,
Which wide (tranſcending all before them) ſent
Their flaming Beams, and in the midſt of Day,
A new Day made, whilſt th' other ſhrunk away:
Inſtead of glitt'ring Gems to make them bright,
Were Eſſences extracted from pure Light;
And ev'ry Object upon which they ſhone,
Reflected Rays like a rich ſparkling Stone:
Next Cherubins 'thout number did advance,
Whoſe Steps were meaſur'd in a lofty Dance,
Trod to the tuneful Numbers, which were play'd
On Inſtruments, by Heav'nly Artiſts made;

Not

Not like our Inſtruments, whoſe utmoſt Choice
Is the faint Imitation of a Voice;
Their Muſick Language does expreſs, and all
The Language there they ſpake is Muſical:
Then follow'd after them ten thouſand Quires,
Who pitch'd their Voices to their Golden Lyres,
Whilſt by Turns and Returns and ſoft Repeat,
In theſe Words both the Heav'ns and Earth they greet,
To God be Glory in the higheſt Heav'n,
On Earth be Peace and Good Will towards Men.

Now the Triumphant Chariot did appear,
In which all Glorys conſummated were;
And ſeem'd to be the Fountain-head and Source,
From whence the Others all deriv'd their Courſe:
The Wheels and Spokes of Diamond were made,
Which tho' refulgent, ſeem'd a Foil and Shade,
To thoſe Luſtrations on them were diſplay'd,
Extracts of Light which ſhaded them about,
With which the Chariot was adorn'd throughout,
And as it mov'd ſhot Flaſhes thick around,
Which with new Glorys deck'd the Air and Ground;

The Throne was ſtuck with Luſtres want a Name,
In our ſtrait Language to expreſs the ſame:
Th' Eternal Son of God the Throne did grace,
Ineffable the Beautys of his Face,
Inutterable were the Charms expreſs'd
In his moſt wondrous Simitry, and dreſs'd,
In all Paternal Glorys: This whole Stage
Of ſhining Beautys, glitt'ring Equipage,
Refulgent Chariot, and the flaming Throne,
Seem'd but a Cloud, on which he only ſhone.
Thouſands attendant round his Chariot went,
With Crowns Imperial and each Ornament
Of Royalty: Which were great Potentates
In Heav'n ore Empires wide and pow'rful States:
Infinite Legions after did appear,
With flying Standards bringing up the Rear.

Thus mov'd the Triumph with Solemnity,
In ſtately Pomp, and in full Harmony;
For Harmony the whole Procession ſhew,
Sweet Harmony from all their Voices flew,
Their Looks and Actions all Harmonious too.

The Cavalcade at length approach'd to th' Place,
Which the great Amphitheators did grace,
When all the Thrones arose and each his Crown,
Lay'd at his Feet with Adorations down,
And Sung with Voice inspir'd; *All Glory be,*
Pow'r and Dominion, to the Deity;
And to's Immortal Son, great Heir of Heav'n,
And to the Holy Ghost be ever giv'n:
Three Distinct Persons, but one God alone,
Distinct in All, united on the Throne.
Then in grand Chorus the Celestial Quires
Joyn'd all their Voices and their tuneful Lyres.
Three distinct Persons, but one God alone,
Distinct in All, united on the Throne.
And now a gen'ral Silence this Blest Sound
Succeeds, which in a Moment was hush'd round,
By an internal Impulse, to dispose
To awful, strict Attention: Then arose
From off his lofty Throne, with Majesty
Illustrious, the Eternal Deity,
And said.

Imperial

Imperial Thrones, Crown'd Dignitys and Pow'rs
Subſtitutes Royal, ore theſe Realms of Ours;
Ours by Inheritance; when as upon
This ſacred Day, Us his begotten Son
And of all Empires the immediate Heir,
Th' Omnipotent did from his Throne declare.

Well have you all diſcharg'd our hallowed Truſt,
Faithful to us and to our Int'reſt Juſt,
When Satan (now accurſt) ſo many drew
To his Revolt: and whom ye overthrew
Strength'ned by us. Your Faith we ſhall regard,
With fuller Joys, and Glorious Reward.

And ye my Saints, for whoſe Eternal Good,
Upon the Croſs I gave my Precious Blood.
To cleanſe your Souls; when moſt of all Mankind,
Were to our Calls and Ways, both Deaf and Blind,
You on my Croſs and Death juſt value ſet,
And left the World for me without regret:
When at the latter Day your Audit ſhall
Adjuſted be, then will I lead you all,

Into

Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns, along with me,
And there to Reign to all Eternity.

He ſpoke: And all the while his Voice convey'd
Thouſands of Joys, which in the Bleſt diſplay'd
Themſelves at large, making their Forms more bright,
Height'ned by their ineffable Delight.
But how their flowing Raptures they perſu'd,
My Soul which was not with ſuch Strength endu'd
No longer could obſerve, but with the weight
Sunk down ore power'd, on that my Guardian ſtrait
Catching me in his Arms, convey'd me thence
To Heav'ns Preliminaries, where my Sence
I ſoon recover'd, yet with Grief oppreſt,
To be diſmiſt the Manſions of the Bleſt:
But hopes of quick return, when Life's ſhort Race
Should be perform'd, to that moſt happy place,
Reliev'd my anxious Thoughts: With that my Guide
With wonted courteous Speech himſelf apply'd
During our flight to Earth. That ſpacious Scene
In which with ſuch immenſe Delight you'ave been,
Tho' within Heav'ns Precincts, yet is it not
After the Judgment-day deſign'd the Lot

Of the Elect, but where they're by Degrees
Matur'd for more ſublim'd Felicitys,
By thoſe invigorating Plants, and by
The Tree of Life: For Immortality
In full Enjoyment of a perfect Bliſs,
Too great a Step from Humane Nature is.

The Seed muſt die and in the Earth remain
Some Time, 'ere quick'ned it can be again.
Your great Apoſtle did imply from thence,
A Time for rip'ning, when departed hence,
Which gradually might their Souls prepare,
For Joys till then, they'd not have ſtrength to bear:
'Tis true that when the laſt great Trump ſhall ſound,
Some on the Earth will immature be found,
Who in a Moment ſhall be chang'd, which will
Be then perform'd alone, by Miracle;
This only an Exception, thence, is plain,
From what will elſe, a gen'ral Rule remain,
For Providence and Nature work by Courſe,
According to their Conſtituted Source,

Except where Nature's ſhort of Deſtiny,
There Miracle muſt her Defects ſupply.

But when that gen'ral Day of Fate ſhall come,
Which will award to all impartial Doom,
The Beatifick Viſion, by the Bleſt,
Within the Heav'n of Heav'ns will be poſſeſt,
Where Emanations of the Deity
Will flow in Torrents, to Felicify
Thoſe happy Souls, whoſe Joys will ſo exceed,
That even that Eternity they'll need,
To which they're Deſtin'd, to enjoy them in,
Which after Myriads of Years will ſeem but to begin.
But mark how Heav'n in Terrours will diſplay
Its dreadful Signs to uſher in that Day!

The End of the Fourth Part.

THE VISION &c.

The FIFTH PART.

THE VISION &c.

The FIFTH PART.

THE VISION, &c.

The FIFTH PART.

The ARGUMENT.

The Signs forerunning the Day of Judgment. The Proceſſion of the Son of Man from Heav'n, to ſit in Judgment. The Judgment Seat fixed in the Air. The manner of the Reſurrection. The Saints are firſt Rais'd, Try'd and Sentenc'd. Then they aſcend up to the Judgment Seat, and aſſiſt in the Tryal of the Wicked. The Wicked are Rais'd, Try'd and Condemn'd. The general Conflagration deſcrib'd. The Wicked ſurrounded with the Flames, ſink into the Abiſs of Hell, whilſt the Righteous aſcend into the Heav'n of Heav'ns. The Subject Matter of their Felicity there. The Concluſion.

THE Sun's ſick Head will in black Clouds be bound,
Sick ev'n to Diſſolution, whilſt around
A ſullen Gloom diſcolours all the Skies,
Preparing for his Mournful Obſequies.

The Moon be turn'd to Blood, not one bright Beam
Shall iſſue from her, but an horrid Gleam.
The Stars expiring, in their Agony,
Daſh againſt one another in the Skie,
Burſting their Orbs aſunder, from their Wombs
Shall guſh forth Flames to light them to their Tombs.
Huge Bearded Comets of a dire Portent,
Inſtead of Stars, ſupply the Firmament.
Peſtif'rous Planets, whence all Plagues are bred,
At once ſhall all their Fatal Venom ſhed,
Whilſt Storms around their baleful Poyſons bare,
Thereby infecting all the fluid Air.
Tremenduous Bolts on high of roaring Thunder,
Shall tear the Heav'ns and Firmament aſunder;
Then to the Center ſplit the Earth below,
Whilſt this whole Machine totters too and fro.
The Winds at once their Fury all let fly
Until they toſs the Ocean to the Skie.
The Rocks torn up, ſhall through the Air be thrown,
And Nature under ſtrong Convulſions groan,
At which affright'ned Ghoſts from Graves ſhall riſe
To be ſeen only by their glaring Eyes,

Then to their Graves again with Shrieks repair,
Whilſt ſhudd'ring Horrours fly about the Air;
The Wicked then ſhall ſhake with Dread and Fear,
To ſee their everlaſting Doom draw near
By theſe Portents; But with glad Hearts and Voice,
The Righteous at theſe Signs ſhall all rejoice;
Singing aloud, *Come bleſſed Jeſus, come,*
For we're prepar'd for our Eternal Doom.

Whilſt thus with diff'rent Paſſions they're poſſeſt,
Behold a Light ſhall break forth from the Eaſt,
Wh'ch grad'ally will ſpread its Wings around,
Until it reaches Earths extended Bound.
A num'rous Hoſt of Angels then appear,
In ſolemn Flight deſcending down the Air,
And 'gainſt Mount *Olivet* firſt make their ſtand,
Then grad'ally wheel off on either Hand,
Since thence your Saviour in the ſight of Men,
Aſcended on a ſhinning Cloud to Heav'n.
The Hoſts be'ng all deſcended, then a bright
And Glorious Viſion ſhall appear in ſight,
A Luminous Cloud of prodigious ſize,
Condens'd from ſubtil'ſt Æthur of the Skies:

A Throne of Light refin'd, the Cloud ſhall Crown,
And all the Firmament deſcending down,
Guild with new Luſtre: On the Throne ſhall ſit
The Son of Man with Royal ſtate befit
His other Nature, Son of the moſt High,
In all the Glorys of the Deity:
About His Throne Miriads of Angels ſtand,
To execute his Soveraign Command;
And Saints ten thouſand times ten thouſand will
Be there, th' illuſtrious Equipage to fill,
In Glorify'd bright Forms, and round Dilate——
In ſhining Circles to adorn the State.

The Chief Arch Angel ſhall before his Throne,
Bear Heav'ns Alarming Trumpet, next him one,
With awful Front the Sword of Juſtice, near
Another ſhall the equal Ballance bear.
His Throne ſhall then be fixt in th' Air, to ſhow
His Triumph ore th' Infernal Pow'rs below,
Whoſe Monarch will reign Prince thereof till then,
But now muſt yeild the Sov'raignty to Heav'n,

Who'll

Who'll bind him in an Adamantine Chain,
(Too faſt for ever be'ng releaſt again,)——
The Equipage ſhall round the Throne be plac'd:
The High Tribunal with theſe Glorys grac'd,
Th' Archangel ſhall his Trumpet rear on high,
And ſound a Blaſt will eccho through the Skie
And all the Confines of the Earth around,
Till the whole Univerſe ſhall hear the ſound:
Then Diſpers'd Atoms at th' Alarming Blaſt,
From Water, Fire, from Earth and Air ſhall haſt,
To joyn in priſtine Forms; and tho' they'ave chang'd
Their Site, and oft from Form to Form have rang'd,
And tho' one Subſtance hath become in Time
Part of another, ſhifting Form and Clime:
Yet as the Seed which in the Earth is ſown,
Before t' increaſe its Species it be grown,
Attracts a Nutrimental Juice from th' Earth,
Aſſimulating it (to help the Birth)
Into its proper ſubſtance; and then both
Are but one Form and Species in the growth,
So whatſoever Atoms deviate
From their firſt Forms, and then incorporate

With other Subſtance, yet an Embrio will
Of ev'ry Body be remaining ſtill,
From univerſal Matter, to attract
Enough it's Form and Species to compact.
Nor is it of Concern, whither they riſe
With the ſame Matter, or with freſh Supplys,
Since in each Form, the Change here's manifold,
New ſtill ſupplying, the tranſpiring Old.

As Man firſt from the Univerſal Maſs,
Of pre-exiſting Matter, formed was,
The roving Atoms congregated by
Th' Omnifick Pow'r of the Divinity:
So when theſe Aggregates of Atoms ſhall
Disjoint again, the ſame Almighty call,
(How ere diſpers'd) will recollect them all.

And if an Artiſt, *Mercury* with eaſe,
(Hav'ng paſt through divers Metamorphoſes,
Of Solid, Fluid, Rare, Condens'd) can then
Reduce t' its former Species agen;
Much eaſier to th' Almighty 'tis to trace
The Embroi-Atoms throughout all their Race,

In

In divers Subſtances, through which they'ave paſt
And bring them to their Origine at laſt.

Thus therefore at th' Alarm ſhall all ariſe,
And then their Bodys he'll Reorganize,
Adapted thence, their Souls to entertain,
Which they ſhall enter, nere to part again.

The Saints will be allow'd Prerogative
Of being foremoſt rais'd, to whom he'll give,
Bodys both Spiritual and Glorify'd,
Abſtracted from the Groſs, with which they dy'd;
The Droſs be'ng all purg'd from the ſhining Oar,
Fit for the SoulsMatur'd upon the Heav'nly Shore.

The Soul charm'd with the Glorious Form they'll meet
In Extacy and both with Rapture Greet;
Remarry'd thus, to an Eternal State,
The Soul it ſelf at large will now dilate,
In that fine, ſubtil Matter; pliable
To each Effort and Motion of its Will:

And thence its Active Joys will through appear,
Transfig'ring of it ſtill to a more clear
And brighter Form: This Nat'ral Energy
To more Perfection yet advanc'd will be,
By the Aſſiſtance of the Pow'r Divine
Of your great Saviour, who'll the whole refine,
Till like his own Illuſtrious Form it ſhine.

Before th' Impartial Bar they'll thus appear,
With Reverence profound, but void of Fear,
For they'll behold 'thout Frowns the Judge's Face,
With Front Paciffick and Delightful Grace,
Shining in Smiles, which gently will convey,
Ten thouſand Joys on ev'ry pleaſing Ray.

Their Trial yet is requiſite, thereby
To manifeſt th' impartial Equity
Of that great Judge before the Hoſts of Heav'n;
And to evince his Mercys towards Men,
By cancelling their long contracted Score
Of numerous Offences: but yet more

To Glorify his Saints within the View
Of congregated Heav'n, for then he'll shew
In the full Light, their secret Piety
When nere an Eye, but that of Heav'n was by:
Their privately relieving the Distrest,
Their succ'ring and suporting the Oppress,
And all, their Modesty from Men conceal'd,
Shall be 'fore Men and Angles then reveal'd:
Their Innocence will also then be clear'd,
Tho' clouded (oft on Earth it disappear'd)
Through base Aspersions of Malicious Men,
Throw'n on them to disturb their way to Heav'n;
This Vertues then (absolv'd from Future Fear
Of Injurys) Triumphant shall appear.

The Sessions ore of all, which may be done,
By such a Judge as soon as that of one,
And on such Souls as theirs improv'd, will be
In Vigour and in Volubility,
For Utt'rance, Action and for Tensity,
Be'ng capable at once to apprehend
All others Tryals, yet their own attend;

The

The Judge ſhall from his Flaming Throne ariſe,
With Looks ſerene, and ſparkling loving Eyes,
And in Sweet Smiles pronounce this happy Doom;
Come ye Bleſt Children of my Father, Come,
The Kingdom long prepar'd for you Inherit,
By your Repentance purchac'd and our Merit.

Then ſhall they all in one joint Choir reſound,
Until it ſtrike the Firmament around:
Loud Hallelujahs, Pow'r, Dominion, Praiſe,
And Glory to the firſt and Laſt of Days;
Salvation to our God which Crowns the Throne,
For Righteous are thy Judgments ev'ry one:
Juſtice and Mercy make with thee Abode;
Thou Glorious King of Saints, thou everlaſting God.

Thus ſhall they, warbling Praiſes mount the Air,
Till to his ſacred Preſence they repair,
Before the Hoſts of Angels then he'll Grace
Them with a welcoming, indear'd Imbrace,
Joying to ſee the Purchaſe of his Blood,
In ſuch a Number of his Saints, made good:

Whilſt

Whilſt they Regal'd with ſuch Recept as this,
Are fill'd with Rapture and Extatick Bliſs:
The Seraphin and Cherubin will then,
With all the bright Angelick Hoſts of Heav'n,
Wrapt with their Maſters Joy, their welcome ſing,
Till Heav'n and Earth do with loud Eccho's ring.

The Judge hav'ng thus his Saints with Favours grac'd
And round his Throne in ſhining Circles plac'd,
To ſit in Judgment on the next are Try'd,
Which by their Suffrages will be imply'd
To their high Honour, waiting in his Train:
He'll then reſume his Throne and State again,
To try thoſe Wretches, on his Precepts trod,
Deaf to the Calls of an Indulgent God:
But terrible will that Solemnity,
And with tremenduous Dread, attended be.

The Angel now the ſecond Blaſt ſhall ſound,
And throw the Noiſe to all the World around;
Whilſt the Stern Judge in Frowns does dreſs his Face,
And Anger takes of vanquiſh'd Smiles the Place.

Loud

Loud Crashes from beneath his Throne of Thunder,
Shall burst as if they'd tear the Globe asunder:
Expanded Sheets of Light'ning swiftly fly,
And with thick Flashes fill the Blazing Skie:
The Devils then the wicked World shall drag,
From out their horrid Dungeon, if they lag,
Scourge them with Tortures on: and tho' they'ave been
In direful Torments in the World you'ave seen;
Much rather had they there for ever dwell,
Than now be cast into the *Utter Hell*,
For the Arch Feind prepar'd and all the Crew
Of Rebels, which from Heav'n with him he drew.

Their Bodys rais'd and then Reorganiz'd.
In the same Species, loathsome and dispis'd,
Their Guilt had left them in; the wretched Soul,
With Sins curst Leprosy deform'd and foul,
Shall repossess: and op'rate with such Force,
Through Pangs Convulsive, rising from the Source
Of Guilt contracted; the whole Form shall be
Thereby reduc'd to loath'd Deformity:

And by Mirac'lous change ſo tender made,
And ſencible, that the leaſt Pain aſſay'd
Of Miſery ſhall torture; yet ſo ſtrong,
And durable, that all the Loads which throng
Upon their Heads of Tortures; never ſhall
Diſſolve their Eſſence, Firm to ſuffer all.

United Soul and Body thus, they're led
Before the Judg: But oh the Fear and Dread,
When wrapt in Frowns Terrifick, they behold
That Face, which ſu'd to them in Smiles of Old:
To Hear his Voice in Thunder rend the Skies,
And ſee the Light'ning flaſhing from his Eyes:
To Rocks and Mountains then they'll Cry amain,
To hide them from his Wrath, but Cry in vain;
The Rocks and Mountains then will flee away,
No leſs affright'ned at his Wrath than they.

No ſooner will He ope the Fatal Book,
And caſt on That and Them a dreadful Look,
(The Book in which the Catalogue and Charge,
Of all their Crimſon Guilt is writ at large,

From whence their heinous Lives will be disply'd
And all their secret Sins be open layd)
But Conscience then long stifled in their Breast,
Each Accusation will aloud attest;
Which when they find and know their Judges Eye
(How hid so ere) did all their Actions spy,
From their Conception trac'd them, when brought forth
Beheld them, and observ'd their Impious Growth,
In Vain to hope Concealment longer, then
They'll all Cry *Guilty*, *Guilty*, Righteous Heav'n,
Oh, *Mercy*, *Mercy*! But alass too late,
For *Mercy* now for ever shuts her Gate.

Then will the Judge pronounce in Flaming Ire,
Go ye Curst into Everlasting Fire,
Prepared for the Devil, and those fell
With him, within the Blazing Womb of Hell.
The Dreadful Sentence thus pronounc'd will End
With a loud Yell, which all at once will send.

A Gen'rall Conflagration kindled by
The Sparkles Issuing from the Judges Eye,

Will

Will now begin; thoſe Sparkles giving Birth,
To all the Fiery Particles in Earth,
And in the Air and in the briny Sea,
Which from the Bands ſhall diſintangled be
Of Sluggiſh Bodys, which their Pow'r reſtrain'd,
For now their Native Vigour 'll be maintain'd:
Rouling together in a Fiery Floud,
By no oppoſing Pow'r to be withſtood,
Whilſt Rocks and Mountains, do become its Prey:
Burning down to the Center: in the way,
Lighting the Sulph'rous Mines which hidden ly
In Earths dark Entrals, which will upwards fly,
Burſting the Earth, and Vomit Torrents Round
Of Fiery Deluge, on the Flaming Ground.
The Boiling Sea to Vapours rarify'd,
Catch at the Flames, with Fuel ſtill ſupply'd,
Of whatſo'ere combuſtible remains,
Flowing in Search thereof in inf'nite Veins.
The Sun no more emit his gentle Beams,
But empty all his Light in Flaming Streams:
The Moon and Stars will from their Spheres be hurl'd,
And mix with the Confuſion of the World:

Whilſt in this gen'ral Wreck the Firmament,
Is by ten thouſand Peals of Thunder rent
To make way for thoſe Light'ning-Flaſhes thrown
Through all its Vents; until one burning Zone
Incompaſs the whole Earth, and then prepare,
To meet Earth's ſpiring Flames in middle Air,
There mixing, downward tend and upward Spire,
Till the whole World be once huge Globe of Fire.

The Damn'd in theſe Tempeſtuous Fires confin'd,
Their Roarings with the Outrage ſhall be joyn'd:
Involv'd in Flames, till by Degrees they ſink,
Millions of Fathoms from the fiery Brink,
Down to the lowermoſt Abiſs of Hell,
And there to all Eternity to dwell
In Tortures moſt inutterable, known
To the revolted Rebel Feind alone,
And his curſt Crew: An Angel then ſhall haſt
And (all included) ſeal the Dungeon faſt
With Heav'ns great *Signet*; thus fixt to remain,
And never, never open more again.

The Bleſt ſhall all this while with joyful Flight
Paſs through thoſe bliſsful Plains and Fields of Light
You lately ſaw; follow'ng their Bleſſed Lord,
And all the way with Extacy accord
In Hymns Seraphick, to th' Immortal Praiſe
Of Him, who fills the Heav'ns with his bright Rays
Of Light refulgent, ſitting on his Throne
Of Glory unconfin'd; the great *THREE ONE:*
Ten Thouſand Inſtruments with tuneful Noiſe,
Shall joyn their Voices to expreſs their Joys,
Whilſt all thoſe Feilds of Light and bliſsful Plains,
Do Eccho as they paſs, their joyful Strains.

At length arriv'd in this illuſtrious State,
And Equipage to th' everlaſting Gate,
Admitting to the Heav'n of Heav'ns bright Coaſt,
This numerous and glorious, ſhining Hoſt,
Will enter in Triumphant, where they'll meet
Joys in new Raptures, their approach to greet!
Delights incomprehenſible till then,
Nor ever heard of in Inferiour Heav'n.

The Source of all Perfections there they'll see:
The Face unclouded of the Deity:
Which tranſport and enormous Bliſs doth give,
Such as no Mortal ere could ſee and live,
Not able to ſuſtain the Pond'rous Load
Of Joys, attend the Preſence of a God.
But thoſe Souls be'ng matur'd by juſt Degrees,
Up to the height of thoſe Felicitys,
Tho' in thoſe Floods of Pleaſure plung'd, again
They'll riſe, and always freſh for more remain;
Nor ere be ſatiated with Delight,
Which ſtill with Plenitude, gives Appetite.

Love there will Reign Triumphant ore the Mind,
Such full, ſuch glorious Objects they will find,
In the ador'd Divinity to move,
The moſt Emphatical, Seraphick Love;
From him the Fountain, all their Streams they'll know,
Of Pleaſures and Delights ariſe and flow:
From Nothing He their Beings firſt did raiſe,
To this Beatitude; with barren Praiſe

Alone repaid ; which no Additiou make
To his Perfections ; nor neglected, take
From his full Glorys, which above them ſoar,
Full in Himſelf, uncapable of more:
His Love did thus there Eſſence preexiſt,
Self-mov'd, alone does from it ſelf Subſiſt:
If Gratitude in their juſt Praiſes dwells,
And ſhows a Virtue any way excels,
From him they ev'n that Principle obtain,
So but his own they can return again:
And yet his kind Acceptance, makes it known,
He Loves then for that Good, which is his own;
Tho' his Perfections are ſo Infinite,
So far beyond their Praiſes humble Flight,
Did not his Grace the Inſtigation move,
It were Preſumption but to hope his Love.

But then the Miſtery Profound, Abſtruſe,
Of th' Holy Incarnation, does produce
Such Miracles Incomprehenſible
Of Love, that all Eternity they'll fill

With Wonder, whilſt we Angels gladly pry
With Thoughts aſtoniſh'd, into th' Miſtery.
Of ſuch extent does this Supendious Theam,
Of ſuch Hight and Profoundneſs to us ſeem,
That whilſt new Wonders, through ten thouſand Ways
We meet, we're loſt in the Perplexed Maze.
And this for Rebel Man, who in the State
Of Innocence, had nothing to Create
One Thought of Pleas'd Regard, from that high Pow'r,
But his conſuming Vengeance to Devour,
Revolting might expect, yet did he find
Mercy and that of ſuch Miraculous Kind.

What Motives will be here to Eternize
Their Love, in Raptures and in Extacys?
What Inexhauſtible Delights will flow
From this Spring-Head, to all their Streams below,
Whilſt they with Tranſport, of his Bliſs partake,
And in his Flouds, their Thirſt of Love they ſlake?
Till fill'd with Joys, they can no more contain,
And then in Praiſe exonorate again.
But not in ſuch groſs ſtile as Men below;
Coin ſo allay'd in Heav'n will never go: Such

Such Images as nothing will advance,
Idea's, which but ſhew their Ignorance:
Such narrow Attributes, ſuch humble Sence,
So diſproportionable's all from thence,
To the great Object which they would Adore,
That tho' it ſhows his Condeſcenſion more,
Such Weakneſs to Accept and Pardon: there
For more Emphatical Addreſſes are
Expected, taught them by the Seraphim.
Worth'er themſelves, altho' unworthy Him;
For worthy him, the Hoſts of Heav'n in Praiſe
Come Inf'nite ſhort, ev'n when with Skill they raiſe
Their loftieſt Hyper'bles, and have drain'd
All Celebrating Topicks are contain'd
In Heav'ns expreſſive Rhet'rick, tho' inſpir'd
By that Light inacceſſible, and fir'd
With Tranſport from his ſacred Preſence, where
Sublimeſt Notions inculcated are;
Yet all at laſt, they can expreſs by this,
Is how they Honour him, not what he is:
An inf'nite Intellect can only raiſe
Of infinite Perfections a juſt Praiſe.

But vaſt Advantages above Mankind
They have for Praiſe, and ſuch the Saints will find
When there arriv'd, for then they'll clearly ſee
Such bright Perfections in the Deity,
As now they'ave no Conceptions of, at beſt
But dark and cloudy ones, as darkl' expreſt,
By ſtreight'ned Language; but that clearer Light
More clear and lum'nous Notions will excite,
Their Souls matur'd, more capable to frame,
Juſt and adapt Ideas of the ſame;
Improv'd too by the Adorations giv'n,
Of thoſe who'ave been Inhabitants of Heav'n,
For many Ages, and have learnt from thence,
Tranſactions intricate of Providence
To apprehend, and their Contexture rare
To explicate, and ſo repleniſh'd are
With high'r Conceptions of that Agent, who
Their Ends did conſtitute and Pow'rs endue:
Which to their Lum'nous Souls ſo perfect ſeem,
They find more fit Expreſſions for their Theam.

Nor will the Bleſt, their Fervour to depreſs,
Tow'rds Him, be prepoſſeſs'd with Selfiſhneſs ;
Nor Paſſions there inordinate controul,
The ſmooth, ſerene Sedateneſs of the Soul:
Or intervening Objects diſengage
Their fixt Affections: neither to aſſwage
Their Zeal, Temptations will there ere occur ;
Or by Suſpence or Doubt, the leaſt Demur:
But without Heſitation, firm and free,
And full of Ardour, will their Praiſes be,
And as the Subject ever will afford,
New Flux of Matter, ſo they will accord
In Praiſes new, and thence new Joys abound,
And thus the Jubilation ever ſhall go round.

The other Joys the Bleſt will there poſſeſs,
Inutterable are and Numberleſs:
Nor to your Satisfaction would they tend,
If told; incapable to apprehend:

Or

Or could I to your Intellect relate,
Your Soul's too weak to bear the Pond'rous weight:
Let this ſuffice, fit for a God, they'll be,
To give, and laſt to all Eternity.

Now to the Grove return'd again we were
Where firſt my Guardian Angel did appear,
Who thus (departing) ſaid: by what you' ave ſeen,
In thoſe vaſt diſtant Realms, in which you 'have been,
(In one whereof you muſt for ever live)
Judg now how worthy 'twill be to retreive,
The time you'ave miſimploy'd, thence to obtain
Eternal Joys, and ſhun Eternal Pain:
And whilſt with holy Zeal your Mind you bend
Thoſe ſacred Precepts to obey, which tend
To everlaſting Bliſs, I'll ſtill be by,
Your Mind with ſtrength'ning Grace to fortify,
Whilſt through Life's various Scenes you paſs; and when
Death ſtrikes the Epilogue, I'll gard your Soul to Heav'n.

With low Proſtration having then expreſt
My Thanks, ſtrait to my long forſaken Breaſt

My

My Soul return'd, its former Charge to keep,
And then I wak'd as from a Balmey Sleep.
But ſtill Ideas Viſionary kept
My Thoughts confus'd; nor whither ſtill I ſlept
Was certain, till recov'ring by Degrees,
My Soul at length, retriev'd its Facultys!
Revolving then on all thoſe Wonders paſt,
Of grand Import; I thus reſolv'd at laſt.

The *CONCLUSION.*

NO more vain Earthly Muſe, no more thy Aid,
Will I invoke in Song or Serenade.
Or Panegyrick to ſome trifling Fair,
Whoſe Charms Fantaſtick as thy Members, are:
No more of Heroes and their Heroines,
Tranſlating them to Heav'n (forſooth) for Signs,
Meer Signs indeed, gay unſubſtantial ſhow,
Of whom we nothing but vain Titles know:
No more of thy *Pantheon*, whimſy'd Pow'rs,
Wild Notions which debauch our lazy Hours:

No more vain Earthly Muſe, of theſe or thee,
My Eyes are open'd to the Fallacy ;
Your fair Phenomena's are only Wind ;
Your promis'd Pleaſures, wretched Cheats I find
Which only leave a Cruel Sting behind.
No Earthly Joys to Reaſon's Touch-ſtone brought,
Can be approv'd worthy a ſerious Thought :
Tranſient Felicitys, inept and vain,
Which in Remorſe, do always End, or Pain :
This Moment to their higheſt pitch they fly,
The next they Languiſh, and too Morrow Dye.
Or were they Permanent too quick (alas)
Our Lives for their Prolix Advances paſs ;
Whilſt we are ſetting out, our Journey's done,
And whilſt we're counting Time, alas 'tis gone ;
If back we look, Years but as Months appear,
As quick will thoſe advance, bring up the Rear :
At Life's expence we live, whilſt part is flying
Thus even whilſt we live we're always Dying.

Tho' Life thus fugitive, upon its Wings,
Inceſſantly new Diſappointments brings

Of

Of fancy'd Joys, which in their Birth are croſt,
Or cloying, in Satiaty are loſt,
Still we delude our ſelves with Hopes to ſee
A Stock remaining of Felicity:
Too morrow we have Happineſs in Store,
It comes, and proves worſe than the Day before
Nay even the Joy of Expectation's ore.
Yet we truſt on, ev'n to decrippid Age,
And when we are juſt quitting of the Stage,
Fancy a Glorious Scene is yet behind,
And what Gay Youth deny'd, in wretched Age to find.

No longer theſe falſe Blandiſhments ſhall fool,
With vain Ideas my Collected Soul:
No longer ſhall their *Syrens* Voices charm,
To employ Pleaſures but ſubſtantial Harm:
To Vertue's ſacred Paths I'll tune my Lyre,
With Crowns of Glory ſhe'll diſcharge her Hire
And on her faithful Votarys beſtow,
The moſt unſully'd Joys they taſt below:
Give Peaceful Days and Nights with downey Reſt,
And with a ſmiling Conſcience fill the Breaſt:

To

To th' Heav'ly *Canaan* ſhe'll inſtruct the way,
And Crown with Joys which never ſhall decay,
In thoſe bright Regions of the Eternal Day.

Come then *Urania* (Heav'nly Muſe) Inſpire
My foll'wing Days with thy Celeſtial Fire,
Or rather Thou moſt Sacred *SPIRIT*, fill
My Heart with Zeal ſubſervant to thy Will,
That I thy Holy Precepts may reherſe,
In Stile delightful and Immortal Verſe:
Thou who the Royal Prophet taught'ſt of Old,
Inflame my Breaſt and let my Flight be bold,
Soaring aloft amongſt th' Angellick Throng;
And with th' Eternal's Praiſes fill my Song.

Ye bright Angelick Pow'rs, who ſtand
About the Holy One,
And num'rous Legions do Command,
Dependant on his Throne.

Ye

Ye Principalities and Pow'rs,
Vertues and Potentates,
Who Gariſon Heav'ns Azure Tow'rs
Or guard her Golden Gates;

Seraphs and Cherubs, whoſe quick Flight,
No Lazy Minutes count,
But dart Swift as the Rays of Light,
On *Errands* from his Mount:

Joyn all ye Hoſts of Heav'n to Sing
High Plaudits and loud Praiſe,
To great *Jehovah*, God and King,
The Firſt and Laſt of Days.

Let Earth's high Vaulted Roof repeat,
And Eccho back the Sound,
And let the Song in Numbers Sweet,
Eternally go round.

Ye Luminarys, which adorn
The ſhining Firmament,
Bright *Heſper*, Uſher of the Morn,
Before her Bluſhings ſent:

And thou the follow'ng Orient Light,
Earths Soul and Heav'ns clear Eye,
The Orbed Sun, refulgent bright,
And Glory of the Skie:

Thou Silver Creſcent, Nights fair Queen,
And Regent of the Seas;
Ye other Stars of Heav'ns Serene,
Attendant upon theſe:

Sing your Creators Praiſe whoſe Pow'rs,
Rais'd you from Nights dark Beds,
To meaſure Years and Days and Hours,
And fixt your Radiant Heads.

Ye

Ye Elements Fructifick, who
Prolifick Atoms mix
In Natures Womb, ſing Praiſes to
The God your Pow'rs did fix.

Let Earth in the grand Chorus Joyn,
With all her Progeny,
Since all her comely Orders ſhine
By his Mature Decree.

Ye Exhalations, which in Steames
From Fens and Lakes ariſe,
Draw'n by the Sun's Magnetick Beams,
And fill with Clouds the Skies:

Whither you take the Candy'd Forms,
Of Hail or Fleecy Snow,
Or do return in Show'rs and Storms,
To y'r Origine below;

In all your Motions praiſe his Name.

Ye Tuneful Winds aloud
His Glorious Attributes proclaim,
On ev'ry racking Cloud.

Ye Mountains with his Plaudits ring,
And all the Hills around,
Ye Valleys who in Ecchos ſing,
Reverberate the ſound.

Ye Cedars tall your Lofty Tops,
In ſign of Worſhip Bow:
Ye tender Shrubs on gentle Props
Your humble Parts alow.

Ye ſtreams, in Tuneful Murmurs flow,
Joyn'd with your Inmate Throng,
Who with bright Finns, do ſwiftly Row
Their glitt'ring Forms along.

Ye winged Choriſters of th' Air,
In moſt Harmonious Notes,
Your Songs of Thanks and Praiſe prepare,
Tun'd by your Warbling Throats.

All ye who ſtately Tread the Earth,
Or Bound with lofty Strides;
Ye Inſects of an humbler Birth,
And all who'ave Breath beſides:

Your ſev'ral Parts in Conſort met,
In Symphony accord,
And let th' Harmonious Notes be ſet,
To th' Praiſes of the Lord.

Crown'd Heads, Imperial Potentates,
Heav'ns Subſtitutes below,
With all your Royal Delegates,
Which from your Fountains flow:

You largely have receiv'd, the more
Your Duty it imports,
With Zeal and Fervour to adore
His Name in all yours Courts.

Both Old and Young and Great and Small,
Unite your tuneful Lays,
His sacred Honours to extol
With loud, Immortal Praise.

For God on his high Throne of Light,
Above all Pow'rs sits Crown'd,
Whilst Forms Celestial, dazling bright,
His Throne incompass round:

But Unaccessable his Face,
There Angels vail their Eyes,
Nor can Infinity of Space,
His Glorys all comprise.

** FINIS.

June 10th 1702

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